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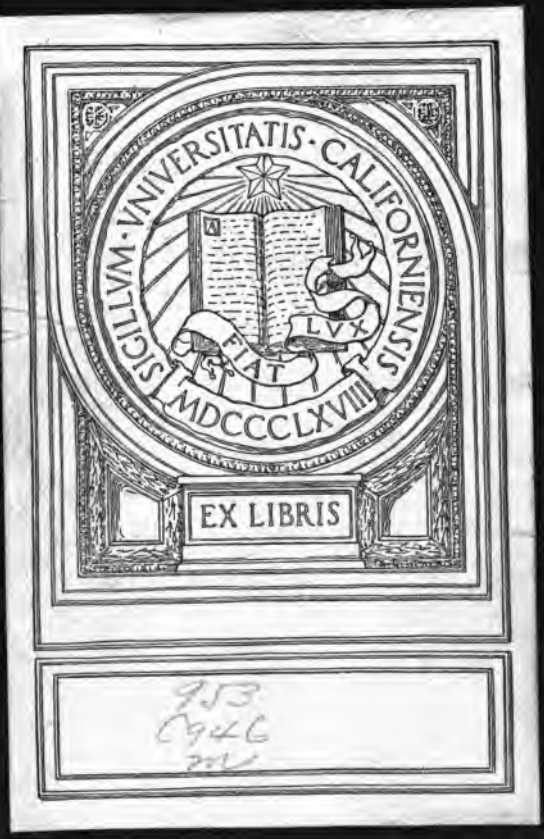
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Mr & Mrs Bowden
With the love
of R. Natalie Cromwell
Jan 1, 1981 ——

MEUM ET TUUM.

POEMS

BY

RUTH NATALIE CROMWELL.

NEW YORK:
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G. W. Carleton & Co., Publishers.
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MDCCCLXXVII.

UNIV. OF
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THESE POEMS ARE DEDICATED

TO

ALL WHO FIND IN THEM THAT "TOUCH OF NATURE"

WHICH

THE GREAT POET HAS DECLARED

"MAKES ALL THE WORLD AKIN."

ESPECIALLY,

ARE THEY DEDICATED

TO THOSE,

WHOSE FRIENDSHIP HAS BEEN MORE TO THE AUTHOR

THAN ANY REMUNERATION

WHICH LITERARY EFFORT CAN CONFER.

New York, 1877. R. N. C.

938585

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POEMS

BY

RUTH NATALIE CROMWELL.

WE FLING DOWN OUR HEARTS.

WE fling down our hearts to hearts that are filled
To the brim with the joy of possessing;
We throw down our kisses to lips that have thrilled,
Till cloyed with the sweets of caressing.

We lavish our treasures of beauty and mirth
On souls that are sated with pleasure;
And hoard up the smiles that would gladden the earth,
To deal them by stint and by measure.

We keep the sweet song and the rarest *bon mot*
For the cup that already is flowing;
And swim with the tide, till not one of us know
What spirit within us is growing.

We take up our garments while stepping aside
From the children of sin and of sorrow;
Forgetting we gather a dust in our pride
Which shall bear us through Hades to-morrow.

We drink of the cup, whate'er it may be,
That accords with our taste and our station;
And dream we are strong, as we wisely agree,
In resisting our neighbor's temptation.

We arm for the tumult, exult in the strife
As we point to a calm that's supernal;
We falter and bend 'neath the burden of life
With our gaze on a day that's eternal.

THE OLD HOUSE CLOCK.

NO, girls! I will not have it moved; let it stand
In the corner where he put it on our marriage-day;
All these new things are fine, no doubt, and grand;
I find no fault, but let the old clock stay.

On our marriage-day! Nigh on to forty years
Have passed since first we stood by this old clock—

Husband and wife; plenty of hope we had, with no fears
To trouble it; love and hope, that was our only stock.

Well, he has gone, and most things have a different look;
The house,—ah! the new wing has given us room to spare.
Those trees were saplings then, but now they hide the brook,
Except when winter comes and strips the branches bare.

I seem to see it all, just as I saw it then,
As arm in arm we left the church—the flowers that grew
Upon the road, the roses, June roses, in the glen,
And it was he who said, "The sky had never looked so blue."

How plain it all comes back; the pleasant walk,
And, as we neared the house, the neighbors waiting at the door,
The kindly wishes and the friendly talk,
The table where the feast was spread—I see it all once more.

And so we started on our way; sometimes the road was rough;
I did not mind,—why should I, when he was by my side.
And if our means were small, why, for our needs there was enough,
And one luxury we had, 'twas our comfort and our pride.

'Twas the old clock; a comfort, yes; steadfast and true
It served us well, year in and out, early and late;
And when the hour had struck, how well I knew
That I should hear the well-known step, his footstep, at the gate.

Or when some neighbor came, an idle hour to spend,
Or to lay the burden down which made our own so light;
Forgetting, 'till the old clock, like some faithful friend,
Would give us warning of Time's rapid flight.

Sometimes you did not like the voice that called you from your play,

But you were children, then, and loved what children love.
'Tis not so long, I think, yet how much has passed away,
How many souls have gone from us, to join the throng above.

Yes, let it stand! there's not a duty, scarce a joy or pain
That's crossed or filled our lives, but it has borne its part;
It almost seems as if 'twere muscle, bone and brain;
As if that wooden frame held something tender as a heart.

Yes, these new things are fine, and I pray your lives may never lack
The simple joys which brighten youth's short day;
But if my spirit seeks as fair a past, and if my thoughts go back
To humbler joys, you need not wonder, girls, so let the old clock stay.

WE PARTED AT THE FERRY.

WE parted at the ferry,
On a bright and gladsome day,
While young Time with snowy blossoms
Sprinkled all the hills of May!

Thrice hath the earth its seasons
Extended into years;
Since we parted at the ferry,
In silence and in tears.

Thrice hath the earth its promise
Renewed to wood and stream,
Since we parted at the ferry,
With love's effulgent dream.

We shall part at the ferry,
Where the Stygian waters glide;
No loving form beside us
When we cross the narrow tide!

O, Earth, of all thy memories
When Charon guides the oar,
How much shall we take over
To the everlasting shore?

O, hearts, whose tender flowers
Were reared with loving care,
How many bright immortelles
Will you find garner'd there?

HE LOVES ME.

OLD Time, sweet Time, pause awhile, I pray;
Let no waning sun go down upon this happy day;
Leave the purple on the hill, the bloom upon the flower,
Let thy finger point forever to this golden hour.
For he loves me—he hath said it—
For my heart a gift hath found;
Oh! he loves me—he hath said it—
Let there be no light, nor sound,
Save with love and beauty crowned.

Old Time, sweet Time, pause awhile, I pray;
Let no waning sun go down upon this happy day;
Take the shadow from thy heart, the ruin from thy breast,
Lay thy fluttering wings aside, let thy soul have rest—

Chisel it, in golden sunbeams, thro' the east and west.
For he loves me—he hath said it—
For my heart a gift hath found;
Oh! he loves me—he hath said it—
Let there be no light, nor sound,
Save with love and beauty crowned.

THE BEGINNING.

MATIN songs the birds are singing,
Vernal flowers strew the earth,
New delight the day is bringing,
Happy song and happy mirth.
Be yon sun that gilds the morning,
In the east or in the west,
Be it dark or be it dawning,
Tell me, tell me, which is best?

Best of all the joy of living,
Sweet the present as the past,
Every day some joy is giving,
Still the brightest is the last.
Every day I would remember,
Spring or summer on the lea,

April, July, or December,
All alike are fair to me.

I shall tread a fairy measure,
So the youths and maidens say,
Every day a day of pleasure,
All the future blithe and gay.
Birds and flowers teach me duty,
To be gay is to be wise,
I have youth, and wealth, and beauty;
They shall win the gifts I prize.

Just beyond the grassy hollow,
Lies the village with its queen,
But they say all eyes do follow
When I walk across the green.
I can hear the sweet birds trilling,
I can see the feathered throng,
But not long will they be filling
All our meadows with their song.

Ere their little day is ended,
They a larger life shall know,
Other tints for them are blended,
Other buds and blossoms grow.
Fairy dells and fields of clover,
Yours the sweets that never cloy,

Yet ere my brief youth is over,
Let me taste life's fullest joy.

Eyes shall seek, and hearts shall love me,
Though they seek and sigh in vain ;
Not a soul shall move above me
In that world where I shall reign.
Haste, O Time, thy rapid moving,
While upon thy wing I soar,
Haste, and let my heart be proving
All the bliss thou hast in store.

THE END.

DRAW the curtains, Marie, the air is chilly,
And the days are growing short ;
You may close the book ; the tale is silly—
A young girl's dreams, too highly wrought.
And yet,—you'll scarce believe it, Marie,—
I had my dreams, as vain as those,
Only their memory lives, that I shall carry
For a brief time, and then—the close.

Only their memory ! Oh, no roses mingle
Their odor with this lingering strain ;

From all the past, no moment would I single,
No dream that has been, would I dream again.
And yet I had all gifts that mortals covet,
A beauty that no art could save;
How frail a gift, and yet all hearts do love it,
Although it rarely wins what most we crave.

And I had wealth, an Indus never failing,
A plenteous stream, that fed a wayward will;
But when the heart—that life of life—is ailing,
Then there are gaps no money, child, can fill.
Culture and wit were added to my dower,
The grooves were smooth in which my life was run,
But all in vain; not beauty, wealth, nor power
Could win for me what meaner lives have won.

The heart I craved, the heart that never sought me,
That passed me by with neither praise nor blame,—
Ah, well! I married, and my marriage brought me
The transient glory of a great man's name.
It matters little, when the feast is ended,
What viands were before us spread;
How much of bitter with the sweet was blended,
Or what the food with which our hearts were fed.

Long miles away, with memory to endear it,
Stands an old house, old for many a day;
The village lies beyond, the churchyard near it,
'Mid friends long gone; there I, at last, shall lay.
Good men there are, whose hearts are upward reaching,
Whose lips are telling of some happier shore;
It may be so; I'll not dispute their teaching;
But as for me, ah! child, I dream no more.

WHAT IS FALSE, AND WHAT IS TRUE.

ONCE more beside the window, you and I,
The sultry west is all aflame!
The clustering roses shine the same
As on a day—a day gone by.
Do you think of it now, the summer hour,
When the king-bee kissed the purple flower,
Its honeyed heart to win?
Do you think of the art—the lover's art—
That kissed the folded leaves apart,
The crimson leaves around my heart,
And found sweet love within?
No happier hearts 'tween earth and sky,
Beside the open window, you and I.

O well-a-day, this silent room!
O, love that lightly flows
From lip to lip, from clime to clime
Adown the golden stream of time,
That lightly comes, that lightly goes!
O love hath lit the purple gloom;
O love hath touched with rarer bloom
The dim old shadows of this room.

Like one who stands beside the dead,
When the rosy charm of life hath fled;
Still bending o'er the hallowed shrine—
Still reaching toward a link divine—
So gaze I on this love of mine.
O with a bowed and reverend head,
I lay it in its narrow bed;
I kiss the brow no longer bright,
I kiss the lips, clay-cold and white;
With reverend gaze my heart hath said
Somewhat there is which is not dead.

What is false, and what is true?
Pale traveler to the silent shore,
Sing you the song you sang of yore,
"Love is love, forever more?"
Fade out, ye clouds of rosy hue,
Die out, ye dreams, there's an infinite blue;
Another sunrise roofs the lea,

Another morn shines forth for me;
Let the shrill winds blow and the violets die—
Let the fickle love of a day go by—
Yet till my heart hath ceased to sigh,
We'll not say, love, I nor you,
What is false and what is true.

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

PROBABLY every human heart holds among childhood's reminiscences the search for the four-leaved clover, which, when found, is said to insure to its possessor the gratification of some favorite wish.

LONG years ago, a happy child,
I roamed the green fields over;
Through tangled wood, through brake and wild,
I sought the four-leaved clover.

I kissed the sleeping flowers that lay
High on their grassy pillow,
And stole their rosy breath away,
Beneath the trailing willow.

I wandered on, I crossed the stream,
I roamed the green fields over:
Till, where the pale-faced lilies dream,
I found the four-leaved clover.

Then rose a wish, pure as the spring
In her love-laden bower;
That perished, with the faithless thing
That died within the hour.

Since then, ye lords and ladies gay,
I've roamed this bright world over;
And I have thrown my faith away
On many a four-leaved clover.

Some sober truths have dulled the skies,
That shone so bright at morning;
Some bitter tears have dimmed the eyes
That never dreamed of scorning.

So have I learned, despite his love,
That man is but a rover;
What though he swear by heaven above,
'Tis nothing more than clover.

HEAVEN HOLDS THE SEQUEL.

I ASK not why the roses lie
In the church-yards of to-morrow;
I ask not why the years go by,
To bring but toil and sorrow;

I ask not why a soul shall wait
  Beneath some earthly portal,
Whose soaring thought hath reached the gate
  That leads to the Immortal.

Let life be rife with woe and strife,
  No joy my joy can equal;
Old time may close the Book of Life,
  But Heaven holds the sequel.

I ask not why, with hills so high
  He bounds our earthly vision;
I ask not why, beyond the sky,
  We wait for our elysian.
Nor why the stones before me lay,
  O'er which my feet are falling;
Nor why so narrow seems the way
  From which His voice is calling.

Let life be rife with woe and strife,
  No joy my joy can equal;
Old time may close the Book of Life,
  But Heaven holds the sequel.

I ask not why Benardo's sigh
  Within my breast is tossing;
I ask not why between us lie
  The waves that have no crossing;

Nor why, so darkly falls my night;
  Why friend from friend must sever
When quenchless glows Thy orb of light;
  Thy stars shine on forever.

Let life be rife with woe and strife,
  No joy my joy can equal;
For He, who gave the Book of Life,
  Full soon shall give the sequel.

IS IT REAL, OR IS IT SEEMING?

AM I waking? am I dreaming?
  Is it real or is it seeming?
This vague harmonic strife,
Which men and angels christen life?
Where are the golden sunbeams gone
That flooded earth, at early dawn?
And where, my God, the rosy dreams
Far brighter than the sunlit beams
That thrilled my heart, the precious dower
Of some far-back remembered hour?

Shadows!—shadows! every where
On the earth, and in the air

Brightest dreams become at last
Bitterest memories of the past;
So we strive thro' toil and sorrow
For the boon, that dies to-morrow—
O, forever must we clasp
Shadows—shadows in our grasp?
Am I waking? am I dreaming?
Is it real or is it seeming?
This vague, harmonic, endless strife
Which men and angels christen life?

THE OUTCAST'S SOLILOQUY.

I HAVE made my bed, and I don't complain.
What if I did?
Would it help me see the drift of a thing when
the meaning is hid?
Said a rhyming chap, "whatever is, is right."
Gad! no wrong.
I think if he stood in my shoes, he'd be singing a
different song.

I have made my bed, have I? I am not so sure of
that.
To be born with a silver spoon in the mouth, and
to be born a beggar's brat,

That is the way the world puts it, and there's a
difference 'tween the two;
For a fair start in the battle is a thing that helps
you through.

To be sure, I might have bettered my lot; I don't
deny that fact,
And I know, as well as another, the worth of an
honest act.
To do the thing that is right—well, maybe I have
tried,
But it 's hard on a man, to be always rowing
against the tide.

Rowing against a tide, where you handle the oars
alone,
For it's rowing against the flesh, against what's
born in the bone,
Against the sins of the parents; bad blood, they
say, will tell;
Am I to blame for the curse, which has made my
life such a hell?

Am I to blame for the chance, which began my
days in crime?
That for theft, or for something worse, my father
is serving his time?

If, instead of the motherly love which the meanest
on earth may claim,
I have known but the kick and the blow, just
Heaven, am I to blame?

Over the plains to the west, through the trees
which stand between,
I mark the house of the squire, with its sloping
lawn of green;
His only son is the heir of more acres than I can
see;
It's a good old stock, they say, and he is all that a
man should be.

Is it any merit, I wonder, when the world gives all
it can,
Its love and care to the boy, its wealth and praise
to the man;
Is it any merit, I wonder, with a stock to carry
him through,
If a man gives back to the world, the best that a
man can do?

If I were the son of the squire, with wealth and an
honest name,
And he were a waif like me, born and bred in
shame,

Would I, in the life that has pass'd, so often have
missed my way?
Would he, with a load like mine, be the man that
he is to-day?

Why do I ask? why bother my brain, with riddles
no man can read,
I am only a pauper born and bred, what matters
the life I lead?
I am going my gait, and I know the end, though I
carry a scornful face,
For there's many a man who frowns on me, who
goes at a swifter pace.

But low as I am, and near to the brink as my
wavering footsteps stand,
I sometimes long for a friendly word, for the touch
of an honest hand;
They may count their acres, and hug their gains,
more than their worth would I stake,
For the single word that would draw me back,
with a hold that I could not break.

Pah! the sun's in the west, I will follow his lead;
how he brightens the meadow and hill;
I've the sky for a roof, the earth for a bed, and
the world to roam where I will;

This plant at my feet, hath a virtue they say,
though sorely it cumbers the ground,
So, even in me, at the last great day, some morsel
of good may be found.

A REMINISCENCE.

POET, I have read thy treasure,
Musing by the midnight fire;
Sighing wind and heart kept measure
To the cadence of thy lyre.
Wide the portals of thy palace,
Swung upon the midnight air;
My poor heart grown old and callous,
Well for it to enter there.

Dingy age no longer frets me,
Dusty years have rolled aside;
Time, the tyrant foe, forgets me,
Backward falls the ebbing tide.
Many a stone is rolled away,
Many a grave gives up its dead;
Spring time beckons! balmy May
Pelts me with her white and red.

Lo! a hand is clasped in mine—
  Eagle mating with the dove—
Softly, how her fingers twine,
  I could crush them with my love.
O, her eyes are soft and tender,
  There's no sorrow, gloom nor night;
I could drink their noonday splendor,
  Till the world was bathed in light.

Have I known her years agone?
  I am scarcely in my prime,
Yet I dream this flower I've worn
  In my heart, thro' leagues of time;
O, vain heart! old is thy story,
  Many a flower is folded up;
Heaven and earth pours all that's holy
  In the lover's golden cup.

Summer dies, and autumn lingers
  Like a wizard at his spell;
O'er the world his busy fingers
  Weaves a magic in the dell.
But the leaves grow sere and yellow,
  Rustling music in the glade,
Hastening to Love's El Dorado;
  I can smile to see them fade.

So we miss not leaf nor flower,
Song of bird nor gilded art;
Earth hath everywhere a bower,
When the song is in the heart.
Ah! there's nothing born of God,
But some beauty in it dwells
To the man who walks abroad
Waiting for the marriage bells.

* * * * *

Well for me, the night winds sighing;
Well for me, the midnight gloom;
I, who lived to see thee lying
Coffined for the silent tomb;
Lived! oh, no! for life is more
Than a vain and struggling breath;
Many gifts hath it in store—
I asked but one, and this was—Death.

So I left the country flowers,
Rustic wood and sylvan glen,
Youthful joys and dreamy hours,
For the world and ways of men;
And it may be that my soul
Hath some stains to wash away,
Ere I meet thee at the goal,
In the everlasting day.

But no more ! the morn is breaking
In the East, all bright and red ;
And the busy world is waking,
Toilers for the gift of bread.
What am I, that God should hearken ?
Pain and joy alike are brief ;
What am I, that I should darken
This fair day with one vain grief ?

THE VOLUME IS HALF ENDED.

THE volume is half ended,
The laughter and the jest ;
The scenes so rarely blended,
The rest and the unrest.

The book, old as the ages—
What myriads o'er it pore,
What hands have turned its pages,
What eyes have wept its lore.

Bright hopes at the beginning,
The brightest soonest lost ;
With some not worth the winning
When I count the bitter cost.

Dark clouds whose silver lining
Mine eyes may not yet see;
Lost waves which no repining
Will e'er bring back to me.

Yet life is not all sorrow,
Our idols not all clay;
Hope may fulfill to-morrow
The promise of to-day.

O, hearts that mine may cherish—
Let frailer dreams go by,
All lesser hopes may perish,
All lesser joys may die.

If hands that mine are grasping,
If steps that mine attend;
If hearts my heart is clasping,
Go with me to the end.

TO EDGAR A. POE.

I KNEEL to thee,
Dweller in God's infinity.
Where doth thy planet roll?
From what celestial pole

Doth flash thine image through my soul?
Wanderer amid the flowers
Immortal as thine art,
What hopes do sound the hours
In God's eternal bowers?
What dreams become a part,
Freighting with new-born powers
The poet's heart?
On earth but sorrow crowned,
What treasure hast thou found?
What miracle of light and sound?
Poet, and Heaven crowned,
Do angels hear thy lyre?
Doth love and fond desire
Still wake the living fire?
Or was some brighter hope,
Not born within the scope
Of this weak breath—
Some paradisal joy,
Whose sweets may never cloy,
Drank with thy draught of death?
All joys that to my life belong,
Now would I give to know thy song;
For by these shining grains,
By thy sweet soul's remains,
I swear, 'tis sweeter than all strains
That bard of Heaven may pour.
Upon my heart I clasp the link

That tells me thou hast crossed the brink
From time to evermore;
From shades of night
To realms of light—
To joy forever more.

THE SHIP.

[Probably the "Grandmother's Ship,"—that panacea for childhood's griefs is among the reminiscences of nearly every human heart.]

WHEN I was young, a winsome child
Of some four years or more—
When earth was fair, as the face that smiled,
That bent my cradle o'er—
When I was free as the bird and bee
That flitted across my path—
The song of a ship on the wailing sea,
The song of a ship that sailed for me,
My childhood's memory hath.

Oh! not for the dip of the broad white sail,
Tho' fair as a world-wide lay,
That hath rode the storm and weathered the gale
For many a toilsome day—

Oh! not for the form that weary and worn
Hath passed to its cycle of rest—
Doth this beautiful song, of a rosy morn,
A grandame's song to the only born,
Seem to my soul the best.

Pandora's box, with its gems of fate,
With love (surnamed) divine,
Gave not to the world more costly freight
Than fills this ship of mine;
Pandora's seed shall bear the weed
As long as the flowerets blow,
But *she* carries a flower for every need,
A chalice of hope for hearts that bleed,
A balm for every woe.

The skies are bright where a homestead stood,
The flowers divinely fair,
A thousand birds are in the wood,
But I am a stranger there;
From the peaceful past a life is cast
'Mid the glitter of noise and din
To wait on the shore, for I am the last,
The only one, to watch for the mast
Of a ship that comes not in.

Ye sailors, who roam the fathomless deep,
Where the lonely waters roll,

Where the ice-king reigns, where the flowerets
sleep,
From the North to the far South Pole;
No dazzling lure, but a bark so sure
Ne'er rode the pitiless sea—
Should you mèet with a flag that is stainless and
pure.
A beautiful flag, that shall ever endure,
That ship belongs to me!

Oh, waft her in! for the shadows of earth
Are closing around my heart,
And faith, the star that lighted my birth,
No hope to the soul can impart;
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that flow
Wherever her flag may roam!
All things above, all things below,
My soul is sick with a deathless woe—
Ah, waft the good ship home!

'Tis not for the dip of the broad white sail,
Tho' fair as a world wide lay;
'Tis not for the face, so rapt and pale,
Which long hath passed away;
But *she* steereth aright in the darkest night,
A joy to the tempest driven:
You will know her at once if she heave in sight,—

From her topmost mast is a luminous light
That points the path to Heaven!

JUDITH'S ANSWER.

YOU have asked me do I love you,
Will I give heart, soul and life,
Holding there are none above you,
Will I be your all—your wife.
And I answer, can you show me,
Of myself the simplest part;
Tell me truly, do you know me,
Know one fibre of my heart?

No tender soul forever twining
Around some sturdier soul am I,
No simple girl for true love pining,
Who missing this, will fade and die.
Thoughts and feelings I may mingle
Smiles with smiles, and tears with tears;
But hearts and souls like mine are single
Moving in their separate spheres.

Every day the world progressing
Adds new treasures to its store,

He who kneels his love confessing
In my ears such tale doth pour,
He must stand 'mid souls unbending
Where the hottest shot is hurled,
Favoring none, the truth defending,
Never must his flag be furled.

He who asks my soul to love him,
In his life my ideal see,
Holding there are none above him,
He must prove it true to me.
Ah, dear love, your eyes are saying
Words that mine are quick to read,
And my lips, the truth obeying,
Render you a righteous meed.

Well I know your hopes are centered
On the height which great men dare,
And I know your feet have entered
On the path that's leading there.
From that path some feet are turning,
Age sometimes belies its youth,
Souls have lost their haughty yearning,
Lips once true, have mocked the truth.

Yet the while your soul aspiring
To that point for which I live,

Though it meet not your requiring,
  Much, dear love, my heart can give;
It can give the fullest measure
  Of the meed that's due to-day,
Counting it a joy, a pleasure,
  At your feet, so much to lay.

We may find a different reading
  In the themes that stir the soul,
Many pathways oft are leading
  To the same absorbing goal;
If we two should walk asunder,
  In some path, where thought may flow,
Could you bear the gaping wonder,
  Which the world is quick to show?

Granted this, by all that's royal
  In your thought, and in your life,
I can be both fond and loyal,
  To the man who calls me wife.
Speak not now, ah! pause, I pray you,
  Much the strongest heart must stake!
Let no fatal love betray you,
  Question well the step you take.

JULIET'S ANSWER.

LOVE you! O, my love, has life a day
When I did not? has my heart
A single joy? tell me, pray,
In which you have not borne a part?
Ere I knew you, I've no memory of those years.
What is there that I could name?
Highest hopes, and bitterest fears,
Grew to nothing when you came.

Tell me, in what language do they speak?
Who Love's fervor would lay bare.
Love is strong, and words are weak,
Love is love, and words are air.
Love you! could my soul the measure pour,
Earth nor ocean, star nor sun,
Scarce would hold the precious store;
All have limits, love hath none.

Joy or sorrow, plaint or cheer,
Vainly earth puts forth for me;
Ever 'tis your voice I hear,
Ever 'tis your face I see.

Will I be your loving wife?
You, who taught me all the bliss,
All that's glorified my life,
Scarcely need to ask me this.

PAULINE, AFTER THE ANSWER, TO A THIRD PARTY.

HE has spoken at last—no doubt you can guess
What the answer would be—of course, it was yes.
What of Charley? That was nothing—a flirtation, you know.
Splendid? Oh yes, just the sort for a beau.

He is coming this morning,—Mr. Frump, I mean,
To speak to papa—I must not be seen.
To all visitors, Andrew is ordered to say,—
'Tis the right thing to do,—that I am out for the day.

Two millions, so papa says, a respectable sum;
How late it is growing! I wish he would come.
Of what it consists? Well, I'm not certain quite,
City lots, I believe, and stocks—papa says it's all right.

How the girls will all talk—see, he took my gold ring,
That's for a measure. To-morrow he'll bring
A diamond—he knows I cannot endure
A small stone, 'twill be large, I am sure.

Frump! Not a name I would choose—Mrs. Frump,
Ah, we cannot have all the nice things in a lump.
Lennox is better, heigho! why should I care?
Charley has nothing; we couldn't live upon air.

I never could quote, but something like this, I have read,
Bother! how these saws slip out of one's head.
'Tis some talk of the money that covers up sins,
And here is another—he laughs loudest who wins.

Thank fortune, mamma has made up her mind,
To have my trousseau imported. This stops every kind
Of bother and fuss. Did you see Jenny Morrison's veil?
Nothing but tulle; mine will be pointe, and oh! what a trail—

Only half a yard long, I've heard the girls say.
To-night Charley and I were to go to the play.

Of course I have written, but he'll not think it true,
A forgotten engagement,—but what could I do?

What a bother it is, this belonging to one,
How it stops all the pleasure, and spoils all the fun!
Well, I wish he would come; if there's one thing I hate
More than another, it's a man that is late.

We shall be married at Grace—I prefer it, you see,
On account of the chimes—of course he'll agree.
And if mamma should not think it too soon
For crossing the ocean, the month will be June.

Frump—Mrs. Frump—what a horrible name,
Would he change it, I wonder? No one could blame.
Well, it's not likely—he is set in his ways,
Mrs. Frump I shall be, to the end of my days.

But I shall see Paris, there'll be no end
Of money, you know. I'll have plenty to spend.
How nice it will be, to talk of Venice and Rome,
Of cathedrals and pictures, in our evenings "at home."

I wonder if Charley will answer my note—if he'll care!
Good gracious! There's the bell. Yes, he is there!
Mr. Frump and the carriage. Where is Andrew? Would you call?
Ah! there is papa—I hear his step in the hall.

LUNACY.

ALONE on the ground, in the purple night,
Beneath a luminous sky,
Where the flowers are red and the stars are bright,
Slumber the moon and I;
She meets me there, in her robes of white—
The moon, so cold and shy.

She lies by my side, a beautiful bride,
The moon, that lives in the sky:
She leaveth the stars, her state and her pride,
Her isléd home on high,
When the day is done, at the set of sun,
To give me sigh for sigh.

They say her beauty hath turned my brain—
The moon, that lives in the sky;

That her heart is vain, and her love will wane
When the drifting winds come nigh.
Accursed and cold, they know but their gold—
I silently pass them by.

In her silver robe she travels the globe,
For she hath a dazzling eye;
She knoweth the wave where the mermaids lave,
And the glittering treasures lie.
But treasure and sea she leaveth for me;
And when my body shall die,
I will pass away from the dismal day,
To the moon that lives in the sky.

TO PRINTERS.

NOW flesh is heir to many ills,
And I am quite resign'd,
Whatever God or nature wills
To take with quiet mind;
And yet my heart is sick and sore,
I've found without a doubt
The drop that runs the goblet o'er
Which poets talk about.

'Tis said that every living soul
Hath some black cat or other,
Where e're you go, from pole to pole
Some skeleton to bother ;
I cannot tell another's woe,
Another's grief divine,
I only know of all below
A *printer* sure is mine.

Now, if you have the hearts of men,
What e'er your name or clime,
Libel no more a poet's pen,
O spare a poet's rhyme ;
When, 'neath the cover of a song,
I fling my love a *rose*,
What misery ! what hideous wrong,
To make my gift a *nose*.

Or when I'd have kind Nature waft
O'er one her gentlest *breeze ;*
What hocus-pocus has your craft
That turns it to a *sneeze ?*
Or when indeed some woe enlists
My muse to drop a *tear*,
'Tis then, your happiness consists
In making it a *sneer*.

Or when some witty thing I say,
  Why my best word disjoint?
Why manage it in such a way
  As just to lose the point?
I've heard you're jolly "on a strike,"
  That *line* is all your own;
Strike when you please, and where you like,
  But let my line alone.

Let Shakespeare rave about his bones,
  What boots a dead man's curse?
A living poet's daily groans
  Is surely something worse;
Ah! Fate, thou wer't not so unkind
  As once was my belief;
That made the poet Milton, blind,
  And spared him greater grief.

THE SPIRES.

I SIT by the window, my love,
  Where the sauntering crowds go by,
Above, around, forever,
  The shadow of city and sky.

Ye spires that point to Heaven,
  Fair guides to the happier shore,
Where lieth the mystical Aiden,
  The crowd that hath gone before!

Ring out, sweet Sabbath chimes,
  Some tale of the marvellous land,
That shall thrill like the lips we have lost,
  Like the touch of a well-known hand!

Fond hearts that were weary and worn,
  Eyes, that were heavy with tears,
Have ye bathed in the Lethean wave?
  Is there rest in the beautiful spheres?

Are your roses unringed with a thorn?
  Are your skies ever cloudless and fair?
Are the joys that illumine your path
  Unshadowed by sorrow and care?

No dream, of a face that is not?
  No thought, of a day that is passed!
Are the doubts that have clouded your morn
  Made clear to the vision at last?

Ring out, sweet Sabbath chimes,
  Some tale of the marvellous land,

That shall thrill, like the lips we have lost,
Like the touch of a well-known hand.

I sit by the window, my love,
Where the sauntering crowds go by;
But the chimes are mute, as the lips we have lov'd,
And the spires but point to the sky.

THE RIDE.

THE morning dew is on the grass
A heaven is in the sky;
Sweet April courtesies while we pass—
My bonny steed and I.
I heed her not, the blue-eyed maid
That lifts my flowing hair,
Who flings her kisses in the glade—
Her sweetness on the air.

There's a quiet house on yonder hill,
A grassy slope with flowers between,
Just at the turn where the romping rill
Juts out across the green;

There's a maid that can as gaily trip,
With step as light and free,
Who wears a sweetness on her lip,
And keeps it all for me.

The morning dew is on the grass,
A heaven is in the sky ;
O many a lad this wood may pass,
But none so blithe as I.
Sing out, ye birds, and fill the air,
A song for every mate ;
And I've a love beyond compare,
A-waiting at the gate.

TO-NIGHT.

TO-NIGHT, to-night a phantom show
Of whirling memories, to and fro,
Pallid ghosts that long have lain
Buried, in my heart and brain,
Flit, from out their hiding places,
With their long–forgotten faces,
Clasp my hand, and kiss my brow,
God, I know them, faithless now,
Eyes so black, and eyes so blue,
Come ye here, my soul to woo?

Thrill my heart with one more glance,
Tread with me one mazy dance,
While within your arms I whirl,
Happy-hearted, laughing girl.

To-night, to-night, I reel and swim
Back, thro' the past, and kiss the brim
Of many an hour, whose golden flow
Made bright my world of long ago.
To-night, to-night, my thirsty soul
Drinks deeply from the flowing bowl
The fragrant draughts I've drank before,
The rosy-tinted streams of yore.

MOONLIGHT LOVE.

IT was born of the moonlight, a perishing gleam;
What wonder, my love, that 'twas only a dream—
A vanishing dream—a beautiful part
Of the infinite love that lives in the heart.

It was born of the moonlight, a delicate ray;
What wonder, my love, that it faded away,
'Mid the glitter and glare of a wearisome life
Of innermost passion and outward strife.

Sweet as the scent of a delicate flower,
'Twas the fragrant birth of an indolent hour;
It lived, and it died, oh! say not in vain,
While linked with a smile, and unmixed with a pain.

DRINKING SONG.

FROM the rosy-lidded past,
Sweet, we'll draw the cover;
Drink—the streams are flowing fast—
Drink to friend and lover.
Shining draughts to friends of youth,
Wheresoe'er they wander;
Every heart whose proven truth
Made our own grow fonder.

Here's a health to lips and eyes,
Drink the dream that's over,
Kisses mingle with our sighs—
Health to every rover.
With the hand upon the heart,
Drink to loves that sever;
Time's a fip to those who part
Pledged to love forever.

From the rosy-lidded past,
  Sweet, we'll draw the cover;
Drink—the streams are flowing fast—
  Drink to friend and lover.
Life is but a rosy draught,
  Drink—the stream is glowing;
Drink—a thousand joys are quaffed
  While the tide is flowing.

MERRILY GOES THE DAY.

MERRILY, merrily goes the day,
  Laughing maidens wind their tresses,
Mingling with the flowers of May,
  Rosy love's caresses;
Laughing eyes of sweet sixteen,
  Hazel deep with violet hues;
Ah! the youth who walks between
  Scarcely knoweth which to choose.

Merrily, merrily goes the day,
  Happy manhood wins the goal;
For the noon-tide thought doth sway
  The waves that fret and roll;
On the shore of golden hours
  Where the giddy-hearted lave,

Time is wafting sweetest flowers
From the ever-ebbing wave.

Merrily, merrily goes the day,
'Mid the hammer's ringing stroke,
Where the sun with lurid ray
Shines amid the drifts of smoke;
'Mid the rush of hurrying feet,
And the whirl of human joys;
How we love the dim old street
And the crash, and noise.

Merrily, merrily goes the day,
Roses bloom, and thistles rise,
While we journey on our way
Onward, upward to the skies;
Whatsoe'er the hour may bring,
Morning, noon, or twilight gray,
Still some happy heart will sing
Merrily, merrily goes the day.

SUNSET MUSINGS.

ON that sweet eve—I was alone
Where Nature's happiest mood had thrown
O'er hill and dale—above—below—

The essence of all life we know—
A living landscape, fair and warm,
With all the glow of mortal form,
When love hath made that form more bright
Beneath its deep impassioned light;
And given to the eye and face
The glory of its light and grace.
And there the soft clouds floated by,
Like rosy dream or parting sigh,
Upon the air, whose crimson hue,
Caught from the sun, in beauty grew
'Till rugged rock and mountain side,
Towering aloft like human pride,
A moment shone, lit by that ray,
As something more than rock and clay.
From stately trees broad shadows fell,
The phantom guardians of the dell;
And glancing footsteps on the grass,
Heard by the spirit, seemed to pass
And linger 'mid those leafy bowers,
A thought among the thoughtless flowers.
The merry leaves, stirred by the air,
Sighed to the voice that whispered there
A tuneful note as soft and sweet
As moves the lip when lovers meet;
The trembling lips that would impart
The deeper tone that thrills the heart.
Still on the air a clearer note,

The song of young birds seemed to float
A mingled wave of joy and mirth,
A sea of song above the earth.

At my feet, thro' mead and dale,
On, thro' many a winding vale,
Flowed the brook, a dancing measure,
Like a life of joy and pleasure.
Many a pebble, worn and old,
Glittered like the shining gold,
Many a flower upon its bank,
Newer life and verdure drank.
Long I watched the varied scene,
Dancing brook and changing green,
Now so bright, and now so dim,
To my soul a lofty hymn,
Where all thoughts, like rock and tree,
Were blent to one vast harmony.

I know the sun, a lover bold,
That woos and wins and groweth cold,
A gem of fire upon his breast
That shines o'er all the glowing west.
I watched him there and saw him woo
Many a cloud of tender blue,
Saw the rosy flush that came,
Marked his fickle heart of flame,

Passing on with careless eye
From the fading cloud and sky,
And I thought of many a heart
That beholds its dream depart
Where no other sun shall dawn,
Where no second love is born,
But forever cold and gray
Walks alone—a twilight way.

And I know the zephyr's home,
Tho' o'er land and sea she roam,
Springing from the heart of June,
There she learned her sweetest tune;
Flying from her dewy lip
Sweeter is the breath we sip;
Softer are her soft caresses
As her lip the flower presses,
Growing brighter 'neath the bliss
Wafted from the zephyr's kiss;
But, alas! she flies the plain,
Bud and blossom sigh in vain;
Drooping 'neath a warmer breath,
Soon they languish into death.
Then I thought of hearts that yearn,
Tones that never shall return,
And it sadly dawned on me
Life were better to be free

From the joy that love can bring,
Love that knows no second spring.

Sitting in my fairy nook,
Still I gazed upon the brook,
Not a zephyr fanned my brow,
Not a song to cheer me now,
Every bird had sought its nest,
Every flower had sunk to rest,
Deeper shadows thronged around,
Twilight fell without a sound,
All was quiet save the song
Of the brook that flowed along,
Now an echo, lone and dreary,
Of a memory cherished dearly;
Faded like the dreams of youth,
Trusting friendship, love and truth,
But there comes a deeper sorrow,
That for them shall dawn no morrow,
Tho' the heart be often stirred
By remembered tone or word,
Yet it falls an echo only,
Like the brook that flows so lonely.

JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

O PALESTINE, how calm thy skies,
Dread silence broods o'er hill and plain;
But in my soul what thoughts arise,
What memories stir my heart and brain.
I see thee not as thou art now,
But as thou wert on that fair day,
The noon-tide glory on thy brow,
The triumph that outlasts decay;
I see the throng—I hear the cry,
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

Once more thy pastures teem with flocks,
On desolate hills the vineyards grow,
Green verdure clothes thy barren rocks
From plain to Lebanon's heights of snow,
They breathe again—thy chosen few,
While echoing through each wood and glen,
The song whose worth they scarcely knew,
The grandest theme that's sung to men,
The glorious song—the deathless cry,
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

Fair Judah's sun pours down its rays
On walled cities old and vast,
Temples and turrets meet my gaze,
The royal splendor of the past.

To far-off ports the great ships glide,
And labor lifts its tireless hand,
And Israel's kings to battle ride,
And life and tumult fill the land;
Above it all I hear the cry,
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

O Jericho, proud city of the plains,
I see what favored souls have seen;
Thy fields where generous plenty reigns,
Thy palms and olive groves of dusky green.
Jerusalem—from feasts and sports, from joys and cares,
From regal show my rapt gaze turns
'Mid golden domes, 'mid courts and squares;
Thy altars blaze—thy incense burns,
And still I hear the solemn cry,
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

His feet doth tread these sacred courts,
From Zion's height, his glance still falls,
O tombs, O citadels, O forts—
O sculptured towers, O marble walls,
O pity, for the hapless fate,
That makes you cold to joy like this.
O, harder hearts, and blinder hate,
Pity for all, 'tis yours to miss,
Ears that are deaf to that great cry,
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

Fair Palestine, the dream hath fled,
  Thy sun hath set—but not in night,
Its track o'er all the world hath shed
  A gleam of Heaven's refulgent light,
I stand 'mid ruins, of ruins born,
  With shades of shadows o'er me cast—
O land bereft of thy fair morn,
  One blessed ray survives the past,
  Adown the years hath come the cry,
  Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

I AM QUEEN OF THE CASTLE OF AIR.

DO you ask if I own in this beautiful land,
  From Maine to the tropical line,
Some acre of earth, some fibre or strand,
  That is sacred to me, and to mine?

O listen, Mignon, I have treasures untold,
  A kingdom, surpassingly fair,
I scorn your bright coffers of silver and gold,
  I am queen of the Castle of Air.

My palace is roofed with the rainbow's hue,
  And gemmed with the rainbow's light.
Let it fade if it will, in the fathomless blue,
  I can build me another as bright.

Old Time, who is stealing the light from your eyes,
And snatching the bloom from your hair,
He travels not under these opulent skies,
Where standeth my Castle of Air.

I have steeds that are fleeter, and more to my mind,
Than your horses of mettle and worth,
From the north to the south, outstripping the wind,
They bring me the treasures of earth.

I have terrace, and lawn, and garden and plain,
Whose vineyards with mine may compare,
What nectar so sweet, as the nectar I drain,
Matured in my Castle of Air?

I have tapestried rooms, where I wander at will,
O'er floors where a prodigal loom
Has scattered its roses with marvelous skill,
Choice flowers of beauty and bloom.

I have divans and couches, which lure to repose,
When my heart is oer shadowed with care.
Quaint windows, whose colors out-rival the rose,
Embellish my Castle of Air.

I have jewels too rare, for the mine or the mart,
I have dishes of silver and gold,

I have statues and gems—chefs-d'œuvre of art,
Whose value can never be told.

I have epics, more grand than your loftiest rhyme,
And melodies tuneful and rare,
I have pictures more perfect, than any in time,
Adorning my Castle of Air.

Here I dream of a day, when brotherly love,
Shall prevail at the altar and hearth,
While the symbols of peace, the olive and dove,
Grow in favor all over the earth.

Here I dream of a day, when the ensign of war,
His standard no longer shall bear,
When He'll dwell in our midst, the God we adore,
As he dwells in my Castle of Air.

Then enter all ye, who are weary and worn,
Wide-swung are my portals for you,
Here is balm for the weak, new life for the lorn,
And hope for the heart that is true.

The world is an ambush of turmoil and strife,
But there's rest in this time-honored chair,
He's a friend to my soul, through the mazes of life,
Who has entered my Castle of Air.

TO MY HUSBAND.

FIVE years old when I was born—
Was there no wind that blew,
No gossiping breeze abroad that morn,
To murmur the song to you?
Where were the birds and the wild bees gone,
Could they not see nor hear?
Not a neighborly stream to watch for the dawn
To ripple a word in your ear?

No sign, no glimpse in the morning light,
No hint in the bobolink's call;
No vigilant sunbeam there to write
A telegram on the wall.
Out with the roses red and white,
Down in the grassy dell,
When the four leaved clovers met your sight,
Had they no news to tell?

No sign to give, no word to say,
To a lad so blithe and free,
Of the baby girl, whose bark that day
Was launched on a perilous sea.
Ah, gossiping breeze that passed that way,
You'll talk 'till the stars grow dim,
Yet never could tell of the gift that lay
In July's lap for him.

Birds and bees and blossoms are dead
That haunted the wood that morn,
The garrulous breeze hath long since fled,
The stream to the river hath gone.
No word they said, but we were wed,
And the years roll over the land,
And Fate, who still is spinning her thread,
Works on with a tireless hand.

THE ACCEPTED LOVER.

I.

ASK you, why my eyes are bright,
Fill'd with love's divinest mirth?
Ask you, why my step is light,
With the joy that scorns the earth?—
Can you tell? can you guess?
Rosy-lipped, the gentle Allie,
Allie hath said "Yes."

II.

Tender sky, and air-blue stream,
Scent of flower, and song of bird,
Poet's life and lover's dream,
Mingled in one little word;—
Can you tell? can you guess?
Dimple-cheeked, the dainty Allie,
Allie hath said "Yes."

III.

The roses blushed, the lilies bowed,
The daisies peeped from out the ground,
The sweet moon heard, she left the cloud
To trace in light the silver sound;—
Can you tell? can you guess?
Golden-tressed, the fairy Allie,
Allie hath said "Yes."

IV.

Though no other joy I own,
Though in gloom my sun shall set:
Though my hopes like leaves are strewn,
Never shall my soul forget;—
Can you tell? can you guess?
That dear Allie, noble Allie,
Allie hath said "Yes."

NO GOD, DO YOU SAY?

NO God! Come out to the romping rill,
Through the meadows, and over the hill,
The fields are aglow, we will take the way
That leads to the woods—No God, do you say?

Under these trees, the gentians bloom,
Where is the hand, and where is the loom,

That can weave a robe as sweet and fair,
As the blue fringed robe, which the gentians wear?

Here is the daisy, tear it apart,
This golden disk, is the daisy's heart,
An hundred florets drink the light,
To keep the heart of a daisy bright.

Florets so fine, that the falling rain,
Would rend the golden walls in twain.
Who taught the flower, day after day,
To guard these walls? No God, do you say?

Who taught these leaves, which the lovers know,
These leaves as white, as the pure white snow,
O'er the tender floret, to bend and close,
When the storm comes down, and the fierce wind
blows?

You can see the lilies, from where you stand,
Each dot a stamp of the Master's hand,
Where else the power, that from this mold,
Could weave that bloom of brown and gold?

Here at your side, with its delicate hue,
The snap-dragon tells the tale to you,
In meadow and field, both far and near,
It speaks to all who have need to hear,

These yellow walls have been the tomb,
Of many a prisoner, caught by the bloom,
That lies beneath the tight-closed lip,
A terror to all, who dare to sip.

Open the prison-house, and now, let go,
Unloose your clasp, what skill can show,
Such quick rebound, a simple thing,
Yet where the joint, and where the spring?

Go search the world, find if you can,
'Mid all the handicraft of man,
Some cunning lock, some trap or net,
Where hinge, nor joint, nor seam are set.

This wondrous bloom, this glorious yield
In wood and dale, in meadow and field,
Is an humble part of the wealth that lies
Beneath these fair and beauteous skies.

Yet the simplest growth that decks this soil,
No skill can match, no hope, no toil
Can give the warmth of the tints that blow,
Or weave the lines that a leaf can show.

Can chance, if such a thing there be,
Which cannot think, nor feel, nor see,
Can chance bring forth what here you trace—
Method and order, rank and place?

When the earth no more from its teeming breast
Such bloom shall give, when in the west
Yon sun shall rise, when on this plain,
December with July shall reign—

When riot lives, and order dies,
When the moon no more shall sink nor rise,
When the earth is but a barren clod,
I too, may say, there is no God.

I DON'T CARE.

LET the world wag as it will,
Be it good, or be it ill,
Let the nations rail and kill,
Let the rich their coffers fill,
Let the world wag as it will,
I don't care.

Let Dame Fortune on me frown,
Topple all my castles down,
Let no rose my planting crown,
Let my hopes grow sere and brown;
Let Dame Fortune on me frown,
I don't care.

Many a fool that I could name
Wears a wreath, and calls it fame;
Many a knave, with no more claim,
Counts by tricks and wins the game;
Like the fools that I could name.
I don't care.

Let the world go as it may
'Till old Father Time is gray,
Or if some frisky comet's play
Send it where—I may not say;
Let the world go as it may.
I don't care.

KISS ME, LOVE.

KISS me, love, kiss me kindly,
Kiss me in the morning hour,
When my soul devoutly, blindly,
Bends before thy lordly power—
Thou the sun, and I the flower.

Kiss me, love, kiss me ever,
'Till I dream no dream but this,

'Till the world on golden lever
All its minutes steeped in bliss
Turns upon a rosy kiss.

LIFE'S PHILOSOPHY.

LIFE'S a round of merry hours;
Tell us not of evening shade,
Filled to flowing with sweet flowers,
What care we how soon they fade.
Let us weave our wreath with roses
While the red leaves last,
Ere the noon-tide blossom closes,
Ere the day be past.

Life's a stream which all are crossing,
Teach to us its lore,
Better die where waves are tosssing
Than sleep upon the shore.
Let us freight our bark with pleasure,
Though the rude winds play,
Love's sweet breath shall waft the treasure
O'er the trackless way.

Life's a gift which fond hearts cherish,
Sweet the joy it gives,

Tell us not of dreams that perish,
Folly dies, and wisdom lives.
Soon each bark shall touch the portal
Of the promised sphere,
Where our joy shall be immortal
As the lips that kiss us here.

LOVE ME, WHILE YOU MAY.

LOVE me, love me, while you may,
Take the love that's thine to-day,
Plead not for to-morrow.
Life is full of saddest ills,
If a joy thy bosom thrills
Cloud it not with sorrow.

Shall my lips refuse thy kiss,
Though its deep and thrilling bliss
Fade the moment after?
Time may change our smiles to tears,
Crush our hopes, and wake our fears,
Sorrow ends in laughter.

Then take the love that's mine to give,
I know not if it may outlive
The rainbow's fleeting splendor.

But well I know this heart is warm,
As any quick to meet the storm,
And full as soft and tender.

But if our dream should fade away,
We'll hold it like an April day,
Its glory still remember;
And ne'er be weak enough to sigh,
As oft we pass each other by,
For roses in December.

WHAT THOUGH YOU HAVE GOLD.

WHAT though you have gold, I've a heart that is free;
Gold's not the metal, fair lady, for me;
Save the amber that lies,
Half blinding my eyes,
On the rare, tinted curl
Of some rosy-cheeked girl
Who crosses my day, with the freshness of morn,
Gives life to my life, as the dew to the dawn.

With an eye that looks up, with an arm that is sure,
With a heart that is strong, and a soul to endure,

No Esau am I,
My rights to deny;
I've no heart to be sold,
Though your pottage be gold;
I see not the charms which another may see;
Gold's not the metal, fair lady, for me.

OUR FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

DRAW nearer, Nancy, give me your hand, good wife,
Praise God, who has given us these years of wedded life;
These fifty years—praise Him for all the good we've had;
We are too much given to complain, to dwell upon the bad.

We have had our troubles, Nancy, and some were hard to bear,
But the world is full of sunshine, and we have had our share;
And when a man has reached his three-score years and ten,
Things look a little clearer than they look to younger men.

I have heard it said, and we have seen some witness of its truth,
That when a man gets on in years, his thoughts go back to youth;
With the labor done—the harvest won, and the better world in view,
It seems to me such looking back is an idle thing to do.

But on this day, no backward glance would be to have no thought
Of all the joys—the tender joys, these fifty years have brought;
I'm slow of speech—not given to talk, but something I would say,
Here, by your side, with your hand in mine, as I held it on that day.

I have been prosperous, Nancy,—there's no better farm than ours;
In storm and drouth He hath blessed us, in sunshine and in showers;
Our land is all productive; we may travel east or west,
No finer crops are grown—our cattle are the best.

I've kept my promise, Nancy, the day I claimed your hand,

I said, my wife shall have the best that money can
command.
But better than the money's worth, I've kept my
record clear,
No man can say a stain doth rest upon my labors
here.

But in this hour, placed side by side, how small
appears my part;
Helped and sustained through fifty years by a
loving hand and heart;
For all the good that's in me—for the faith that's
best of all,
I know not how to speak my thanks, words come
not at my call.

'Tis true I saw some holy path—a light I called
divine;
And I was hard on men who saw a different light
from mine;
It took me thirty years to learn—to know—and
lift my eyes—
That nearer to our fellow-man, is nearer to the
skies.

But I must hasten, wife, for the time is going fast;
This roof will ring with merry shouts before an
hour is past;

For Mary and her husband, and the children—
every one,
Will soon be here, and claim your ear, before my
talk is done.

The train that's due at 'leven will bring our
youngest boy,
Our Richard, with his wife and son—we, too,
might sing for joy;
For from the west, three hundred miles away,
Comes John with all his family, to celebrate our
day.

There's Kate and Sue, their children, and their
children's children, too,
So helpful we might fold our hands—they leave us
naught to do;
And our neighbors—all are coming—from twenty
miles, I'm told,
Our steps are brisk, our hearts are warm—we'll
forget that we are old.

Ah! wife, I see the shadow! So well your face I
read,
But sometimes—and God's ways are best—the
truest hearts must bleed.
The children he hath taken—there is comfort for
our pain,

We shall know them, as we knew them—would we
have them back again?

With all the promised splendor, we shall have
what most we prize,
And human hearts are tender, and they ask for
human ties.
Not given in marriage! 'tis true, but wife, I have
no fear,
Some union there will be, for the hearts united here.

'Twas fifty years ago, with a young man's hope
and pride,
I placed this ring upon your finger—the heart my
only guide;
With an old man's deeper reverence—a dearer,
purer bond,
I place this one above it, with the hope that looks
beyond.

For the love that's never failed me, for the tender-
ness and care,
For the patience, and the sweetness that's made
our life so fair,
I thank you, wife—but see! the hour is up, my
claim is o'er,
Ah! Nancy, dry your eyes, the wagon's at the
door.

THE FAITHLESS WINDS.

THE faithless winds are out to-night,
The fickle, faithless crew,
With hearts so cold, and lips so white,
They peer the casement through;
Laugh on, oh! ye who have no fears,
But speak no word to me;
High o'er the winds my spirit hears
The wailing of the sea.

The boisterous winds are out to-night,
The moon has hid, the clouds are black,
The coast is clear—no ship's in sight
But the treacherous waves are on their track;
Oh! take the gifts yon heaven sends,
But give no thought to me;
My heart is far away, my friends,
With the sailor on the sea.

The cruel winds are out to-night
They scent the angry wave,
A raging sea—Oh! God of Might—
Each wave—a sailor's grave.
Away, why heed my changing cheek?
Why take ye thought of me?

What idle words my lips may speak?
I'm dreaming of the sea.

WANTED.

WANTED—a haunted house,—no sham if you please,
No myth of a crazy brain;
But a haunted house—some lonely spot
Where the dead come forth again;
Where familiar footsteps haunt the night,
And familiar voices call,
While some dreary tale, of a dreary past,
Hangs over it like a pall;—

Where the doors fly open before your eyes
In the light of the sunniest day;
Where the blood-stains linger upon the floor
That shall never be washed away;
With some blue-beard room, within its walls,
Where the storied ghost is met;
O you, who heed a poet's prayer,
Have you such a house to let?

Where the purple light hath a mystical gloom,
That awes the bravest heart,

And the breeze that fans the loftiest brow,
Can make the pulses start,
Where the soul is like some trembling lyre
Played on by a viewless hand,
Where sights, and sounds, and phantom scenes
Shall shame, the mightiest wand.

Is money your God? Oh! name your price,
Tho' humble your roof may be;
Its mouldy walls, and hingeless doors
Shall prove the world to me.
A thousand pounds of glittering gold
Shall leave me still in your debt;
In city or dale, in village or vale,
Who has such a house to let?

THROUGH CHINA.

I WANDERED blithe and gay
Twice five thousand miles away,
Where ceaseless flow
The yellow waves of the Hoangho;
'Neath Eastern skies,
Where the snow-clad peaks of the Pelings rise,
Where the camphor trees their branches spread,
Where the tropic blooms their fragrance shed,
Where the tea-plant grows; in its native bower

I kissed the leaves of the fair white flower;
While I wandered blithe and gay,
Twice five thousand miles away.

I saw the gates massive and high,
The solid gates that pierced the sky;
I stood beside the famous wall,
And saw the dismal shadows fall,
As once they fell on the Tartar foe
Just two thousand years ago.

Many a city I passed through
Where Confucius breathed; my breath I drew,
The low carved roofs dawned on my sight,
The gilded windows large and bright,
Triumphal arches green and white,
The doors of aromatic wood,
Where many a portly mandarin stood,
The temples where the genii brood;
Many a city I passed through
Where all was new
From palace walls, inlaid with gold,
From fretted shrines all worn and old,
From the yellow flag like a sunlit cloud
That waved above the motley crowd,
From the clumsy junks, and the sailor crew;
All was new
Down to the sailor's cue.

I saw the Emperor and his train,
I ne'er shall see the like again;
A vanguard just one thousand told,
Some with hoops and staves of gold,
Some with halberd, shield and crest,
Some with lances—nine abreast—
Four hundred lantern-bearers came,
With their lanterns all a-flame,
Standards with each zodiac sign,
Four and twenty in a line,
All in colors brightly glowing,
Heavenly constellations showing;
Golden fans of famous size,
Filled me with a great surprise;
Just two hundred, where did slumber,
Painted dragons without number.

Magnates of the imperial court,
His majesty's commode support,
With wines of an imperial date,
With luscious fruits on golden plate,
Such as becomes the imperial state.

Next advancing,
Ten white horses, gaily prancing,
Wrought with gems from seam to seam,
Saddle-cloth and trappings gleam,
Gorgeous as an eastern dream;

'Midst the solemn pomp that crowned him,
With his body-guard around him,
Rode the Emperor, Hein Foung—
Royal princes who had sprung
From the blood of Eastern kings,
Clothed with all that honor brings,
Followed fast with pomp and show,
Every charger white as snow.
Mandarins marched in robes of state,
Followed by the wise and great;
Then a youthful, regal band,
Five hundred nobles of the land.
Their robes of crape were rare to see,
Their gaiters broidered to the knee;
Of acorn shape, their caps were strewn
With gems a king might call his own;
With jeweled fans, and glowing flowers,
Such as are born in Eastern bowers,
In beauty, bearing, wit and grace,
The chivalry of an Eastern race;
A thousand footman rode behind,
In liveried suits of every kind.

Ten carriers bore an empty chair,
Fashioned of ivory, rich and rare,
So finely carved, such perfect art,
Might make the proudest sculptor start;
On 'broidered back and cushioned seat,

There reigned a comfort so complete,
Some native poet might have sung
Some bard with Cowper's tuneful tongue,
The royal chair of Hein Foung.

On wheels of gilt the chariots rolled,
Then vehicles strange to behold,
Some by horses gaily borne,
Some by elephants were drawn,
Whose housings might have been like those
Oft seen by Bagdad's belles and beaux,
When in her prime, with regal sway
Her caliphs kept their gala day.
How they glistened in the sun,
Fifty servants to each one;
Two thousand mandarins more appear,
Then cheer on cheer,
As the royal troops brought up the rear.

Soft fell the night,
Where costly lanterns burning bright,
Glowed like a meteoric shower,
Caught and imprisoned in a bower
Where Pekin's belles their charms displayed,
To noble lords of princely grade;
Where crapes, and 'broideries, and brocade
Mingled their witchery rich and rare,
With the olive tint and the raven hair

Of the dark-browed race assembled there;
While I, clad in my tartan robe,
Forgot my home, half round the globe,
For one whose almond eyes
Glowed like the stars in his own skies;
For words—alas! they came too late;
Poetic souls might call it fate—
That ere my heart could feel the glow,
Could learn what loving hearts would know,
My buhl-clock sounded the knell,
The peal that broke the spell,
And I awoke—ah! sad to tell,
Awoke to find myself alone—
Awoke to find my castles flown,
While at my side, I smiled to see
The porcelain cup beloved by me,
The cup that held the old Bohea,
The dreamy, fragrant, spicy tea,
That had sent me wandering, blithe and gay,
Twice five thousand miles away.

A BALLAD.

"I fling my pebble on the cairn."

A SHADOW lay
Upon the earth, no blessed ray
Of moon or star, glanced from the sky;
No gleam of heaven wandered by;
O'er wood and dell the midnight fell,
A hideous pall, a withering spell
Upon the flower and on the rill,
The sultry valley and the hill,
Above, around, no light—no sound,
An evil slumber—deep—profound,
Had seized the valley and the lake,
Had wrapped the flower, the wood and brake,
You dreamed, they never more might wake.

Beneath these skies behold a room—
Where, struggling with the midnight gloom,
Some feeble rays of pallid light
Stream through the blackness of the night;
These pallid rays reveal a form
Too bright, too glowing and too warm
For this sad earth—a face too fair
For gleam of sea, or sky, or air

To tell the tints reflected there.
The yellow light of the golden hair,
Is like a sun whose deathless glow
Only the happy angels know.
The lustrous depth of the azure eye
Is caught from some celestial sky,
But on the lip—if love, alas!
Be of the earth, and doomed to pass
From out the heart—ah! then, some stain,
Sweet heaven's loss—our bliss, our gain,
Is hidden there—love's rapture and its pain.

For her the pain—no hope did live
In her sweet soul—no hope could give
A single ray, to light the way
Through that weird path, where lovers stray,
No hope for her whose head is bowed,
No hope for her whose soul hath vowed
A mortal love to one whose bed
Had long been made amid the dead.
A yellow scroll, her hands unroll,
What is it charms the maiden's soul?
The jewels of a poet's heart,
The echo of a mighty art,
By lily fingers are unfurled,
The song that haunts a weary world,
And lo! she bends a listening ear,
As if her trancéd soul would hear,

Amid the waves of this black night,
Some rhythm from the realms of light.

Alas! no sweetness lifts the gloom,
But ghostly voices haunt the room,
And o'er the carpet's fitful glow
Unearthly footsteps come and go,
And wailing demons swell the note
The mad world pours from its false throat;
The evil world that blasts the name,
But cannot blast the poet's fame.
But list—she speaks—"Thou knowest me thine,
By all these charms men call divine,
By all the feeble joys I've nurst,
By all that's good, by all accurst,
Where'er thy tuneful soul may dwell,
In bliss or pain—in heaven or hell,
By all these charms sweet do I swear;
Come weal—come woe—to meet thee there."

'Twas scarcely said—a blinding flash,
A fearful and unearthly crash,
That echoed o'er a thousand hills,
That waked the valleys and the rills,
Flew to her feet, and she is wed,
Lenore—Lenore, unto the dead.
Sleeps she to-night, a happy bride,
By him she loved, for whom she died.

AN OCTOBER RAMBLE.

WHY call them sad, these autumn days,
The woods—the fields are all ablaze;
'Tis only the colder tints that are dead,
We have royal purple, and gold and red;
Why call them sad,
Be glad—be glad,
We have royal purple, and gold and red.

From the mountain tips the mist hath rolled,
Their rugged peaks are tipped with gold;
If 'twere not for the hills, so fair the day,
You could see the river—ten miles away;
Past wood and dale,
And winding vale,
You could see the river, ten miles away.

The rose is dead—why not? 'Tis well;
The violets too, that grew in the dell
Are seen no more, but in their place,
Light and color, beauty and grace,
Of every shade,
In wood and glade,
Light and color, beauty and grace.

Hark to the caw of the cunning crow,
Lazily flying to and fro ;
The cat-bird sings in the rustling trees,
The golden-rod waves in the breeze ;
Flower and feather
Mingled together,
The golden-rod waves in the breeze.

Along the fence, far out of sight,
With twisted stems, now green, now white,
The clematis climbs. I strive in vain
To sing thy charms in fitting strain ;
O favored vine,
No song of mine
Can sing thy charms in fitting strain.

Ah ! happy month that calms my heart,
But stirs my pulse, how fair thou art ;
I drink thy air, I joy to feel
Thy breath through all my senses steal ;
Thy calm, thy hush,
Thy glow, thy flush,
Thy breath through all my senses steal.

On through meadow, wood and field,
I pluck the varied blooms they yield ;
Along the fence the squirrel flies ;

As loth to leave its native skies,
On soaring wings
The sweet bird sings,
As loth to leave its native skies.

Still wandering on 'neath shade and sun,
To where the water-courses run,
Alder bush and bitter-sweet,
And many another friend I greet;
Mosses and reeds,
And clambering weeds,
And many another friend I greet.

Upon a knoll of rising ground
Once more I stand. I gaze around,
From the craggy hollows wierd and strange,
To the sunlit peaks of the Highland range;
O'er meadow and rill,
O'er level and hill,
To the sunlit peaks of the Highland range.

What varied beauty lies between
This meadow grass, no longer green,
And those high peaks, like happy souls,
Lifted above earth's meaner rôles;
Like hearts at rest,
Like spirits blest,
Lifted above earth's meaner rôles.

Fair meadow lands, where the cattle stray,
And shadowy depths all sere and gray,
And mossy dells, with many a grove,
Where the lonely dryads still might rove;
Mysterious woods,
Where silence broods,
Where the lonely dryads still might rove.

I catch no glimpse of the winding road,
But I hear the teamster with his load;
Yet scarcely hear—so faint it falls,
While Nature's voice so loudly calls;
My heart is thrilled,
My soul is filled,
While Nature's voice so loudly calls.

Why think them sad these autumn days?
The woods—the field are all ablaze;
What brighter robe can deck the fair,
Than the radiant robe which the maples wear?
What flower can show
A richer glow,
Than the radiant robe which the maples wear?

The sturdy oak, first in the realm,
The dogwood and the stately elm,
Are fair to see—yet you will sigh,

The leaf must fall—must rot and die;
You sigh, you say,
'Tis for a day,
The leaf must fall—must rot and die.

Ah! foolish heart, is it not plain,
That nature makes no law in vain;
The red leaf falls to the waiting earth,
Pushed from its place by the newer birth;
Why call it sad,
Be glad—be glad,
Pushed from its place by the newer birth.

THE DANCE WITH DEATH.

I STOOD like one that's dreaming,
Where a thousand lights were gleaming,
Where a thousand eyes were glancing,
And a thousand feet were dancing;
Where the music, wild and glowing,
Like a river madly flowing,
Fill'd the room from floor to ceiling,
O'er my senses stealing, stealing,
Where no thought or word was spoken,
But a silence all unbroken,
Save the music's 'wildering measure,

Not a moment's time nor leisure ;
But forever, ever, turning,
Where a thousand eyes were burning,
In my soul a nameless dread ;
While forever on we sped,
I, the living, with the dead ;
Still forever on we sped,
I, the living, 'mong the dead.

O, the dance was like to madness,
Where no gleam of joy or gladness
Lit the faces, stony faces,
Bearing still the maddening traces
Of the life that once was given,
Like the marble, hewn and riven,
Nevermore to change or brighten,
Nevermore a hope to lighten :
But forever turning, twirling,
Till my heart and brain were whirling,
While the music never ceasing,
Higher, wilder, still increasing,
Till I felt the burning terror
Of a soul that's lost forever.
Daylight brightened, on we sped,
I, the living, with the dead ;
Still forever on we sped,
I, the living, 'mong the dead.

SAY YOU LIKE ME.

SAY you like me, say I please you,
Say my wit your own disarms,
Say I hold you, say I tease you,
With my laughter and my charms;
Say my eyes are like the planets,
Say their light will ne'er deceive you;
Say my lips are sweet as sonnets,—
Say all this, and I'll believe you.
But, O say not that you love me,
Or I'll swear that you dissemble:
As the stars that shine above me,
Well I know the flash and tremble
Of the eyes yours ne'er resemble.

Say you like me, say I move you
From your purpose and your pride,
Say I aid you, say I soothe you
When the ills of life betide;
Say my style is quite the fashion,
Say no want of taste can grieve you,
Say 'tis but a whim, a passion,—
Say all this, and I'll believe you;
But, O say not that you love me,
Or my heart will be comparing,

Ay, comparing him who won me—
Won me with love's noble daring,—
To your calm and stately bearing.

LAND-HO!

LAND-HO! shrill and clear
The sailor's song fell on my ear.
Thro' day and night, thro' night and day,
Our ship had come a weary way.
Land-ho! shrill and clear
The sailor's song fell on my ear.

Leaning o'er the vessel's side
I heard the song that swept the tide;
"Land-ho!"—a joyous strain,
The sailor's song across the main.
The sailor's song,
That swept away
The billowy fields
That round me lay.

Land-ho! before me stood
The shadowy depths of the pine-tree wood;
The winding road, a thread between
Familiar slopes of changing green;

The cottage on the flowery lea,
With loving hearts that wait for me.

Leaning o'er the vessel's side
I heard the song that swept the tide;
Land-ho! —a joyous note—
The sailor's song to hearts afloat.
The sailor's song,
That swept away
The billowy fields
That round me lay.

Land-ho! O, what the lore
Of happy souls whose voyage is o'er?
Whose barks have touched the final shore?
Where lies that land,—where flows that sea?
Where dwell the souls that wait for me?

SUNBEAM AND SHADOW.

IN the days of its youth, when the earth was in bloom,
Like a flower untouched by decay,
Ere sorrow and gloom, or the mouldering tomb,
In its beautiful bosom lay;

No emblems of evil to grieve or repel,
Save the night-breathing shadows that roamed in the dell.

In the land of the sun, peerless and high,
'Rose a palace, no legend so fair,
No mansion can vie 'neath our azure-hued sky,
With that mansion that 'rose in the air;
In this palace of light, to the seraphim's chime,
The sunbeams moved, and the earth kept time.

There were marvelous isles where the rippling green,
Waved in the glistening blue,
And wherever was seen this glittering sheen,
The sunbeams wandered through:
And the air was sweet as the air that blows,
O'er the silver streams where the nectar flows.

And love was the dream, that illumined the hours,
That bade the bright rivers run;
It breathed through the bowers, it reddened the flowers,
In the joy-steeped world of the sun,
While the children of light, the sunbeams there,
Were the fairest of all, where all was fair.

Ah! woe for the heart, that no heaven can glow,
But in its ambrosial breast
Some seed shall bestow, some flower shall grow,
The germ of the great unrest;
Ah! woe that a sunbeam, winsome and bright,
In a kingdom of day, should weary of light.

The flowers grew pale, at the poisonous word
Breathed over them one by one,
And the air was stirred when first was heard,
A sigh in the realm of the sun,
While love for a moment stooped from his throne,
And fluttered his wings with an answering moan.

Ah! woe for the heart—for the child that strayed,
For the child with wings unfurled,
Who passed from a glade, which never shall fade,
With the dream of a mundane world,
While the amorous air with wistful eye,
Wooed her in vain as her wing passed by.

Away—away through orb and sphere,
Through rifts of glittering bars,
'Till the sky grew drear, and the soul could hear
The hymn of the choral stars;
Away—away, through the deep profound,
Where like cycles of light the worlds go round.

On tireless wing, to an uttermost shore,
A ray of luminous mirth,
'Till the voyage was o'er, she stooped to explore
The realm of the fair young earth,
From the crystal wave that dimpled the sea,
To the emerald grass on the lonely lea.

The cowslips thrilled 'neath the sudden tread
Of her light and twinkling feet,
O'er the rose was spread a livelier red,
And the dreamy air grew sweet,
'Till weary at length, she silently crept
To the brow of a rock, and the sunbeam slept.

I know not her dream, but so fair a thing
Never the earth may unlock,
While the folded wing, new verdure did bring,
To the brow of that dim gray rock;
What wonder that he who gazed should feel
A new-born joy through his spirit steal,

I know not her dream, fair child of the skies,
Sated with dazzle and light,
Who opened her eyes with a sweet surprise,
On a lord from the realm of night;
What wonder a sunbeam weary of joy,
Should open her heart to its earthly alloy.

Six thousand years hath the sunbeam smiled,
A rover o'er wood and hill,
And ever beguiled through tangle and wild,
The shadow is following still;
Six thousand years have they traversed the earth,
Light and darkness, sorrow and mirth.

Frail mortal, take heed, though she brighten thy way,
O'erflowing thy lip with laughter,
Though merry and gay she maketh the day,
The shadow is following after;
Yet pause not to weep when dark is thy view,
Remember the sunbeam is floating there, too.

IN MEMORIAM.

JUST twenty-one, a life full-brimmed
With love, and faith, and truth,
Just twenty-one, ere time had dimmed
One star that crowned his youth;
As sinks the sun in western skies
With morning's lustre rife,
So passed he from our earthly eyes
Beyond the gates of life.

They point our gaze to worlds more fair,
Where ransomed souls have birth,—
We only see the vacant chair
Beside our lonely hearth.
They whisper of some happier morn,
That gilds a far-off shore,—
We only know a step hath gone,
That entered at our door.

Perchance when time our brows hath kissed,
'Mid life's divulging flow,
We shall be glad his soul hath missed
Some pangs 'tis ours to know;
Perchance in some swift coming day
When worldly faith grows dim,
With tattered hopes, we, too, shall say,
Our loss was gain to him.

THE LAST PARTING.

[BODY TO SOUL.]

FAREWELL, old comrade, fare thee well!
Time tolls the bell; the parting knell
Strikes on my ear; farewell, old friend,
Our journey's o'er—here lies the end.

In the same temple we have dwelt,
At the same altars we have knelt;
Life's hopes and fears, its smiles and tears,
We've shared them, friend, for sixty years.

Twin brothers of one mortal birth,
One sprung from heaven and one from earth.
While dreams have fled and joys have paled,
Ours is the love that hath not failed.

'Tis true that I, bound to life's track,
Have kept thy soaring pinions back—
But for these feet which kept not pace,
Thou might'st have run a swifter race.

And yet, old friend, I've served thee well!
This faded form wherein did dwell
Beauty and power, and strength and skill,
For sixty years hath wrought thy will.

These eyes, once lit with fire divine,
This peerless brow, these lips, are mine—
These faded lips, which love hath prest,
These hands, fast entering into rest.

The tuneful tongue that gave thee speech,
The sculptured ear, through which could reach

Those loving tones that to the end
Have blest thy life, are mine, old friend.

I was the first, the loved of all;
On me the last sad tears shall fall;
Yet what am I, with that last breath,
Which gives thee life and brings me death?

Above my head the grass shall grow,
The bright birds sing, the soft winds blow;
The wild wood flowers shall veil my brow—
I go to death! Where goest thou?

BY THE SEA.

I LOVE not the valleys, the woods nor the dales,
I love not the flowers that grow in the vales,
I seek not the joys, the delights of the land,
I lay by the sea—on the cold damp sand.

For a year or more, she hath lain on his breast,
For a year or more he hath sung me to rest;
While I watch the stars in the cold gray sky,
Where the pitiless moon goes wandering by.

'Twas her sire that spoke, I was patient and mild,
Though he laughed me to scorn when I asked for his child;
O, this heart which is cold, was once ardent and bold,
Could its blood have been coined, I'd ne'er wanted for gold.

But they bore her away—far away to her fate,
They left me alone with my love and my hate;
And her face grew pale, I saw in my dream,
Like the pale-faced lilies that live by the stream.

Ha, ha! 'twas in vain, the ship cut the foam,
In vain—'twas in vain, they hurried her home;
I had youth, and my love; the sea is old and so rough,
But she sleeps on his breast, she hath glitter enough.

All day they sit alone in their fine old hall,
Alone with the face that looks down from the wall;
They would give me their gold for the life that hath gone;
I fling back their pity, and laugh them to scorn.

I watch with the tide on the lone sea side,
And wait for the morn that shall give me my bride.

DEACON HALSTEAD ON THE NEW GOSPEL.

TROOLY I have seen some changes in my day,
Many souls—some precious ones—have wandered away
From the true path—fallen from grace,
'Tis the old Adam, in a poor sinful race.

But this new gospel that is spredin' over the land,
I'm not larnéd, and it may be that I don't stand
Where I can take it all in—and one thing is plain,
When a man trades his stock for another, there's a lookout for gain.

But where is the gain in this new teachin' for men?
Is there balm for the wounded? A man dies—and what then?
Does their God look with pity on our sorrowful lot?
Is he somethin'? or nothin'?—force, matter, or what?

Has it anything better to give to a man
Than the Scripter can show? Any scheme, any plan?
When the evil days come, in whom do they trust,

In themselves or the world? Is it dust dependin' on dust?

If Moses was wrong in that matter of time,—
The elect of God, who was called in his prime
To be teacher and ruler—singled out in his youth,—
If Moses was wrong, where look for the truth?

If they believe not that man was made out of the earth,
Why believe the commandments? Has His word any worth?
If not, what is right? what is wrong?—for you see,
That conscience is larnin'—the bent twig and the tree.

If human nater was content to eat, drink and live,
If there was no askin' for things that the world cannot give
When it fadeth away, and we see the near end
Of the days that are left—if there was no need of a friend,

Of a friend to go with us, to bear us up when we fall,
For the spirit is weak, and it is nat'ral to call
For an arm that is strong—thus, making it clear,
Being nat'ral to call, that there's some one to hear.

If the soul had no needs—the new teachin' might take
Force, matter, or fire,—any god they might make
Would answer as well,—but, to my mind, the old gospel plan,
That answers its cry, is the best for a man.

"HE SUFFERED UNDER PONTIUS PILATE."

HE was a ruler in the land,
Doomed from that hour a niche to fill,
Which well might daunt a braver soul
Than that which dared not work its will;
No wrong he saw in that just man,
Yet took the rabble for his guide;
Almost he stretched an arm to save,
Weak arm, that could not stem the tide.

Weak heart, that thought to cleanse his hands
Of blood, whose every drop was more
Than all that earth, though trebly blest,
Or all that heaven itself could pour;
"I wash my hands"—on yours the blood
That shall this day by you be spilt,

"Have you your will?—my soul is clean,
Now look ye to it—on yours the guilt."

The world is old, that then seemed young,
Their woes, *their* joys, *their* grief, *their* mirth,
Like the bright clouds that o'er them shone,
Have passed forever from the earth;
The busy years have come and gone,
Yet 'mid the waste, and 'mid the rust,
The rise of nations, and their fall,
Amid the pomp and 'mid the dust—
"He suffered under Pontius Pilate."

Did he wash the stain away?
Answer, lips that speak to day;
Where'ere the name of Christ is known,
O'er every land and sea 'tis blown,
It is the dirge whose echoes roll
From lip to lip, through heart and soul,
From youth, from age, from high, from low,
Eternal as the waves that flow;
"He suffered under Pontius Pilate."

Weakness that shall never die,
Every year takes up the cry,
'Tis on the winds that hover nigh,
'Tis on the waves, a mournful sigh,
The earth repeats it to the sky

In trumpet tongues—up from the sod,
To witness at the throne of God—
"He suffered under Pontius Pilate."

WITH YOU.

HAD fate so willed it—when our hearts beat high
With faith and hope, beneath some softer sky,
I would have liked with you to wander hand in hand;
I would have liked to wander and to stand—

Where we so often in our dreams have stood,
In some fair spot where fancy loves to brood,
Where every hill, and every plain and stone,
Tells to the heart some legend of its own.

Where Venice rises, like a phantom of the past,
With all its glamour o'er her beauty cast;
I would have liked, beneath the moon's soft rays,
Lulled by the dripping oar, with you to gaze—

On those fair palace walls, to people them once more
With all the glory of their day—its mystery and and its lore;

To muse o'er Petrarch's love, o'er Titian's fame,
To mark each spot linked with some glorious name.

I would have liked, ere time had chilled my heart,
To stand with you—from all the world apart—
On that sad spot which spans the sultry wave,
The fated bridge, whose "sighs," alas! mean torture and the grave.

I would have liked with reverent feet to tread
On Spartan soil—while heart and soul were fed
With Spartan deeds—proud site, whose fair fame rests
On heroes' feats, whose walls* were heroes' breasts.

Where Athens stands, shorn of its beauty and its grace,
With you to wander by my side, with you to trace
Some gleam of what had been—on storied hill and plain,
Where ruined shrine, where broken arch and fane

* "Sparta was destitute of walls, till it fell under the dominion of tyrants, after the time of Alexander. The breasts of its brave defenders were esteemed an adequate defense."

Spoke to each fervent heart—our listening souls
to fill
With memories of those strains whose echoes
linger still;
This would have been a joy that neither sighs nor
tears
Could dim, that would have lived through life's
benumbing years.

To muse in Corinth, or, once more, beneath Italia's
skies,
To dream where Dante dreamed, to waft our sighs
Where Tasso sighed—with reverent souls to bow,
Where Florence wears her faded wreath, upon a
faded brow.

Or where her rival stands, to gaze for one brief
hour,
To muse on time and fate, beneath proud Pisa's
tower;
And then, at last—beneath that mighty dome,
What joy it would have been to stand—we two—
in Rome.

Alas! 'twas not to be; there's many a bark that
drifts
To arid shores,—so fate, her kindest gifts
Too often yields, to hearts which give not back
That perfumed grace, which colder souls may lack.

"KEEP OFF THE GRASS."

HIGH hang the clouds in the noon-day sky,
The grass-grown hills are all a-glow ;
The wanton breeze goes sauntering by,
Seeking the stream where the violets grow.

Under the brake and over the bridge,
I hymn my thanks to the purple skies ;
Through the valley and over the ridge,
I catch the beauty that round me lies.

The bright cascades and the oaken glades,
The vine-clad rocks where the dryads dream,
The floating lights and the purple shades,
Where the red-lipped flowers gleam.

With never a cloud to dim the scene,
With never a thought to mar the hour,
'Till luckless fate—across the green,
I mark a favorite flower.

O bud so fair, O bud so sweet,
I'll pluck thee ere I pass ;
O words that stay my wandering feet,
O pregnant words—"Keep off the grass."

Ah! heart of mine, 'tis ever the same—
The world may frown, and the preacher preach,
The gods may give what a god may claim,
We sigh for the bud beyond our reach.

There's never an Eden, calm or free,
Sublimed by nature or blest by art,
But it holds the one forbidden tree
Which draws the sunshine from the heart.

AN ODE TO TEA.

A MAN with a face as red as a cherry,
Will brag of his Brandy, Hock, or Sherry,
Year after year
He'll ring its praises in your ear;
Keep clear! keep clear!
Wine is a costly cup, my dear,
Burgundy, Malmsey, Claret and Port,
All your pleasures, all your sport,
With all your joys increased tenfold,
Tho' all your drops were brimmed with gold,
You never can pay for the heads that ache,
You never can pay for the hearts you break.

A man that has Croton on the brain
For him my song is written in vain;
He rides a hobby—check nor rein
He never will pull, while in one cleft
Of this round earth, a puddle is left!
Water is good when the dog star rages,
'Tis good for children of tender ages;
But as for me,
I'll take it boiled, with a drachm of tea,
Hyson, young or old, or the black Bohea,
That grows amid thy hills, Wo-ee.
Sweet blossom, fragrant as the rose,
May every wind that o'er thee blows,
Be like a lover, fond and true,
All thy perfumed beauties woo,
Feed thee with sunshine and with dew;
Safe be the wave, and kind the breeze
That wafts thy product o'er the seas,
Thou pet of every woman born,
Without which, life were quite forlorn.
What tongue can tell
The witching spell,
The joy, the charm, the lullaby,
The Circe that in thy cup doth lie;
Not tuneful Homer,
Not all the songs the bards have sung,
Since time, and song, alike were young.
Have half thy sweet aroma.

Congou, Souchong, and Bohea,
Lively, racy, piquant tea,
What lips to-night
Your joys invite
What eyes grow bright,
What hearts unite
Around the social board;
What fragrant streams are poured,
Thou the open sesame art,
To each true and loving heart,
Half the cares that mark the day,
At your entrance melt away;
Congou, Souchong, and Bohea,
Lively, racy, piquant tea.

Many a cherished dream may die,
I have neither tear nor sigh;
Give to me the chosen few
Hearts which time hath proven true,
Then place the viands, draw the chairs,
Shut out the world and all its cares,
While wit and wisdom catch the glow
That from the fragrant stream doth flow,
While friend to friend doth dearer grow,
My toast shall be
Congou, Souchong, and Bohea,
Lively, racy piquant tea.

The Bohea grows in the Wo-ee hills in Fokien, the great untry for black tea.

TO A PORTRAIT.

DO I dream? Am I striving to trace
In this cold, this calm, emotionless face
Some track of a life, once warm and bright?
Lips hard and thin! Did your roses invite
Some kindred heart to lay on your shrine
All the passionate love, the aroma divine,
Of the heart's first dream? Do you know the bliss
That is born and locked in the heart's first kiss?

Brow fair and calm; too calm, too fair
In the burden of life to have borne your share—
Does the soul look down? Tell me, do you know,
When I was a child—long years ago—
How you chilled the flowers on youth's fair plains?
So cold was the blood in your pale blue veins—
And I echo the cry that was born that day.
Have you cheered one heart on your desolate way?

Hands, formal and thin! have you held in your palm
Some large, strong life, to grow quiet and calm
At your redolent touch? Have you lovingly strayed
'Mid the fair locks of youth? Have you plucked and played

With the roses of life? Rigid and cold!
I seek not the key which shall ever unfold
One line of your face. I but know, that this hour
Holds not in its hand a tear, nor a flower,
Nor anything fair to offer to you;
That, from my heart to yours, nothing is due
But a poor, vague sense, without perfume or beauty,
Of a wearisome, cold and arduous duty.

WELCOME.

WELCOME, Baby! Cradle slumbers,
Loving dreams, in softest numbers,
Sweet as music's sweetest closes
Strew thy infant path with roses.

Welcome! while in love reclining
May thy soul, with fond divining
Clasp the wreath her hand is twining,
May it live a royal glory
In thy life's unfolded story.

Welcome! though thy bark be lying
Where the bitter winds are sighing,
May its anchor ne'er be riven,
May the ills the gods have given,
Be thy stepping-stones to heaven.

KING DEATH.

[A FRAGMENT.]

FROM the east to the west,
From the south to the north,
Let a living world
In its strength come forth;
Sound the alarum
With buckler and shield,
Down through the valley,
Away to the field;
We will drive out this foe,
Who tramples our flowers,
Who rifles the kisses
From the lips that are ours;
Who counts not by numbers,
Nor reckons by time,
Who hath stepped from the ages
Bedewed with the rime,
The hoar-frost of nations—
A marvelous pace,
O'er chasms of darkness,
Still winning the race,
From the chaos of earth
To a world in its prime.

Who wears on his forehead
The dust of the years,
Yet stands at the portal
Of far-reaching spheres;
Who taketh our treasures,
Mound upon mound,
Yet waveth his flag
In eternity's round.
A crown immortal
Be ever his own,
Who will thrust King Death
From his ebon throne.

EVOLUTION.

AH, dear! what æons have rolled on their course,
What cycles of time have flown,
Come sit by my side, let us trace to its source
The changes these bodies have known.
You remember it, dear, the long, long ago,
When love first entered each heart,
We were polliwigs then, you remember the glow,
The rapture that love did impart.

Of the frogs, who, wiser and older than we,
Had passed through this rapturous state,

No record is kept, for the numbers, you see,
Would be for a mortal too great.
You remember them, dear; the rejoicing of some,
The croakings of many, that feared
The tumult and joy, when our hour had come
And two beautiful frogs appeared.

How charming you were! there never was seen
A frog such a model in size.
What colors you wore, what yellow and green,
What delicate limbs, what wonderful eyes!
You remember it, sweet, the honors I won,
The leaps that you thought were so fine.
O never a frog lived under the sun
Whose leaping was better than mine.

The world was our own, between the four zones,
There was nothing to worry us then,
No terrible boys, no pelting with stones,
No bother of women or men;
When our bodies grew old we never did fret,
But entered another as fair;
You remember it, love, how oft we have met
In the sea, on the earth, in the air.

It is true that sometimes you were lost to my sight,
While ages on ages went by;

But these partings, my love, but enhanced the delight
When each to the other drew nigh.
So the cycles went round, 'till one glorious morn
In a far-away beautiful clime,
Where millions of monkeys the scene did adorn,
Once more we were born into time.

Ah! those were the days of beauty and worth,
No days with them can compare;
Ah! those were the days when to live on the earth
Was a feast that the gods might share.
So high were the trees that the topmost boughs
Seemed lost in the clouds above,
In the high papaw we plighted our vows,
Eating and chatting of love.

The vigorous grass in forest and glade
Grew then as the Maker had willed,
Ah! the fruits and the flowers, what a glory they made,
How the air with their odor was filled!
But we tarried not long, and millions of years
Have left on the loam and the clay
The print of their steps, since our eyes and our ears
Were regaled with the joys of that day.

It has passed like a dream, and again we are here;
We have started once more on our route,
We are known as a man and a woman, my dear,
The latest production that's out.
These manners, these houses, these bodies, these clothes,
Are the least of the ills we endure,
For each pleasure we have, there are ninety-nine woes,
We've a miserable time, to be sure!

We have learned in our travels that life's but a span,
And the wise are endeavoring to show
That things settle back to where they began—
All running in circles, you know;
Then "ring out wild bells," both folly and crime,
Ring out the women and men,
O ring in the past, ring in the good time,
When we shall be monkeys again.

BURY ME FAR AWAY.

BURY me, bury me far away,
Where the sweet birds carol the live-long day,
Where the wild flowers bloom, and the murmuring breeze
Floats music-like on through the bending trees.

Bury me, bury me far away,
Where the winds sigh forth a mournful lay,
Where the crimson leaves grow brown and sere,
Weird imprints of the dying year.

Bury me, bury me far away,
Where the sun looks down, and the moonbeams play
On the drifting snow piled deep and high,
Beneath whose floor the new germs lie.

Bury me, bury me far away,
Where the grass grows green in the lap of May,
Where the flowers awake into new life born,
Fair types of the resurrection morn.

THE GOLDEN-ROD.

On the Golden-Rod the witches of old were supposed to assemble to take their ærial flight over town and tower, to the mustering ground, where they assembled to plot against the weal of their neighbors.

NOW well I know it cannot be.
By all that's fair, they libel thee,
My bonny flower ; nor witch nor sprite
Would dare upon thy bloom to light.

Pride of the wayside and the field,
Thy simple grace more joy doth yield
Than many a flower nurtured with care,
Which love may give or beauty wear.

Ere autumn's leaf was tinged with red,
Before thy golden bloom had fled,
With eager hand, and captive heart,
With lips that said, how fair thou art,—

I plucked thy charms—when skies grow drear,
When yellow woods grow brown and sere,
Something, I said, of happier mien,
Shall linger where thy leaf is seen.

Six moons have been, six moons have past,
And blustering March has come at last;
And still thy bloom, thy tender grace
Looks down from many a niche and vase.

Yet well I know vexed hearts will say,
That many a witch, and sprite, and fay
Doth work us woe—alas! I sigh,
None better know this truth than I.

'Twas yester-noon three dishes fell,
The reason why no tongue can tell;
With nicks and breaks they do their share,
To spoil my temper and my ware.

Powder and perfumes fly, alas!
Like breath on air, or dew on grass;
And pins take wings, and needles go,
But where—not wisdom's self can show.

Scratches and soils my patience claim,
With neither hands nor heads to blame,
And what more vexes heart and brain,
My hopes are killed, my plans are slain.

Yet well I know it cannot be.
By all that's fair, they libel thee,
My bonny flower; nor witch nor sprite,
Would dare upon thy bloom to-light.

READING THE TEA-CUP.

"COME hither, Nurse," said pretty Kate;
"Whate'er your art may see,
Come weal, come woe, read me my fate!—
What bodes this cup to me!"

The flower of flowers, the pearl of pearls,
Was Kate, our village queen;
Whose springing step and tossing curls
Made sunshine on the green.

An April eye, blue as the sky;
Wild roses in her cheek,
Where, soft and shy, the dimples lie;
With lips that more than speak.

Like music's burst, the voice of Kate
Rang out in maiden glee—
"Come hither, Nurse; read me my fate!—
What bodes this cup to me?"

The tuneful notes o'er hill and dale
The listening echoes bore;
The zephyrs lingered in the vale,
To hear Nurse Wilder's lore.

The floral world of belles and beaux
Forgot their aches and smarts;
The Cypress-tree forgot his woes—
The Foxglove all his arts;

The Larch forgot the young Heart's-ease,
Though on love's errand bent;
The Rose, to listen to the breeze,
The fickle Larkspur sent;

The Poppy's eyes were opened wide;
The Myrtle's heart of flame
Forgot the Laurel at her side,
Who quite forgot his fame.

Though silent grew each fragrant lay,
Sweet spirit eyes looked up,
And saw, beside the silver tray
Nurse Wilder turn the cup!

"I see," she said, "a gay, gold ring,
A youth all youths above,
Whose hair is like the raven's wing,
Whose heart is warm with love.

"I see a robe like silver mist;
I see a coach and four;
I see the lips which love hath kist
Go smiling from this door;

"I see a church, a bridal pair,
'Mid hearts which time hath tried;
I see the maid who enters there
Come out a happy bride.

"The seed of many a blooming flower
That lines our path to-day,
Shall nestle in the bridal bower,
And strew the bridal way!"

Twelve months ago that cup was read,
While Summer skies were blue;
The children of the flowers now dead
Have proved the reading true.

THE FAIRY'S GIFT.

A CRADLE stood in a darkened room,
Where a fair-haired babe was sleeping;
No smile of love lit up the gloom,
A watch o'er the baby keeping.
The zephyr sighed as it floated past,
A summer fragrance flinging;
It kissed the babe, but its lot was cast
Where the summer birds were singing.

It floated on, but a wave of light
O'er the beauteous child was bending;
Ah! never was seen so fair a sprite
As the tiny form descending.
Her kirtle was born of the azure blue,
The summer skies adorning,
Her vest a gleam of the golden hue
That gems a dream of morning.

The fairy gazed on the sleeping child,
'Till its face grew like the beaming
Of an earthly heart, when love hath smiled,
And kissed it into dreaming.
And when she spake the dulcet lay
Was like the wind-harp's singing;

Or the zephyr's sigh, that passed away,
A summer fragrance flinging.

"I live in a summer bower,
I roam in a tangled brake,
I love the crimson flower,
As the moonlight loves the lake.
I have counted the spears of grass,
As lovers count the leaves
In the daisy's cup, whenever they pass
Out in the golden eves.

"I live in a summer bower,
I roam in a tangled wild,
I come with a rhythmic dower—
A gift for a lonely child."
It will charm her in love's decay,
When friends no longer throng;
It will keep the dead away,
My beautiful gift of song.

DOWN BROADWAY.

IN the pleasant month of June—
Pleasant June!
When the earth was like a heaven, full of tune—

I, the fragment of a song,
Fashioned into clay,
In and out among the throng
With the tide was borne along
Down the public way;
Where the feet, feet, feet,
Kept a quick and running beat,
To the music in my soul, to the rhythm of the street;
Kept a quick and running beat,
To the music in my soul, to the rhythm of the street.

O, the happy month of June—
Happy June!
Welcome as a lover's hope, gone as soon!
Like the quick and fiery glance
Flashing thro' the soul!
Waking from its dreamy trance
As we go, this dizzy dance
Rushing to the goal;
And I thought me, as I sped,
Eyes so bright, lips so red,
Ye shall walk the solemn silence thro' the midnight of the dead;
Eyes so bright, lips so red,
Ye shall walk the solemn silence thro' the midnight of the dead.

PASS ON.

PASS on—lost among the crowd,
Time shall not restore thee;
A loving heart that lowly bowed
No longer bends before thee.

A goal to win, a thread to weave
Ah! when my soul hath won it;
No sigh, nor tear shall ever leave
A stain of time upon it.

Pass on—you'll not unclasp the link
That shines for orbs supernal;
For every rose-leaf on the brink
Shall float to spheres eternal.

Let love be chary of the breath
That wafts the mist away,
He's roaming where the gates of death
Turn on a brighter day.

Pass on—for frailer hearts have won,
And sadder hearts shall wait;
When my thread of light is spun,
I'll meet thee at the gate.

THE RICH MAN'S BURDEN.

(THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.)

WITH solemn tread—tramp—tramp,
A deathless flow,
To the shadowy camp
Where the dead men go.
Ah! weary soul, see, on the right,
Huge rocks; a rayless gloom,
Dark as an evil doom,
Shuts out the promised light;
While evermore, upon the left,
Mysterious paths do wind and wind,
Dark as the ways of human kind,
Ah, God! one knows not where.
One barkless trunk, like a soul bereft
Of life's sweet hope, grim as despair,
Doth rear its head, from out yon cleft,
To meet the clouds, this sunless arch,
Beneath whose dome the dead men march.
And still there glooms upon my sight,
By the dim horizon's brassy light,
A rugged causeway, lone and steep,
'Tis enough to make a dead man weep,
To see beyond that darker night.

And evermore, I've heard it said,
That at this entrance, lone and dread,
Of the dim regions of the dead,
A hideous figure, wan and pale,
Clothed in impenetrable mail,
Throws its black shadow thro' the vale.
'Tis a cruel thing to see it flit,
O'er herbless stones, and the yawning pit.
'Tis a cruel thing to see it sit
Forever, at the far-off goal,
A fearful weight on a dead man's soul.

A solemn tread—tramp—tramp,
A deathless flow,
To the shadowy camp
Where the dead men go.

Who said the things of time,
Spoils of an earthly clime,
Should rot and die?
'Twas a priestly lie.
Friend, all men to me did bow,
Upon my earthly road,
With the sweat of labor on thy brow,
Why are thy hands so empty now?
Help, with this glittering load,
You knew me there, for the tale was told,
'Till it grew and grew to a fame,

And everywhere men spoke my name,
As one whose touch might turn to gold,
Whatever there was of worth or shame.

Did the poor man turn from my gate,
Did the widow plead in vain,
More gold for the heir, ah! God, this pain.
Fool to have heaped it back again ;
To have heaped it back on a dead man's brain,
Where it grows and grows like a venomous hate,
Scale after scale its coils unfold,
Scale after scale of glittering gold.
Is it the fiend, whose subtle tongue
Did tempt our mother, when the earth was young?
Or is it but a crown—a golden crown,
That bears me down—down ;
Help, friend, with this burdensome weight.

Thy soul doth speak what mine must hear,
Ah! words of more than mortal fear ;
Thy hands are full, each hath his share,
Each separate soul some load doth bear
Through this strange valley, dark and drear ;
Is there no path—no desert path,
Such as the bright world hath
Filled with vain hopes and vain regrets,
On which some sun forever sets?
That stagnant pool we called the past,
Where I this glittering load might cast.

Ah! woe to bear a mortal weight,
Chained—wed to an immortal fate;
Had not the poor man left my gate,
Had not the widow plead in vain,
Would it have eased this golden pain,
This scorpion crown that stings my brain?

ALONE.

ALONE—'tis not on earth to be alone;
All hearts are sepulchers—roll back the stone;
Each haunted chamber echoes to a tone
Man would not give, though buried o'er with years,
For all the music of yon promised spheres.
Hung like a star, in life's divinest space,
He takes upon his way some gentle face;
A deathless face, a never-dying gleam,
That haunts him like the music of a dream.
Ah! love, there is no bower, how lorn or fair,
But some sweet soul hath left a foot-print there;
There is no memory that the heart reveres,
Linked with this human tide of hopes and fears,
But calls again from caverns bright or drear,

The one loved form that made that memory dear.
No Lethe rolls within the human heart,
Graved on its walls, beyond the limner's art,
Some treasured picture grave or gay,
Blends its past colors with the present day ;
These are the waves, whose deep sepulchral moan,
Forbids man's heart to be alone.

A RHYME.

SO thou lovest not my rhyming,
Wherefore then love me ?
For my heart is but the chiming
Of the singing bee.

Making music from the dancing,
Of the sunbeams on the wall ;
Happy heart, where one is glancing,
Brighter than them all.

Singing where the stars are telling
Of the dreamy night;
All the day a star is dwelling
In my soul and sight.

If thou lovest not my rhyming,
  Wherefore then love me?
For my heart is but the chiming
  Of the singing bee.

EVELEEN.

LIKE the soft and silvery rhymes,
  Floating through my brain,
Like the golden-throated chimes,
  Heard and lost again.
So she dawned upon my sight,
  Floating seventeen,
Golden-haired and laughing sprite,
  Joyous Eveleen.

Wherefore came she with her laughter,
  Looking in my eyes,
'Till my soft heart followed after,
  Loading her with sighs?
When I touched her fairy finger,
  Sighing love's farewell,
Wherefore did she bid me linger,
  Who can tell?

Memory holds her with the rhymes,
Floating round my path,
While the golden-throated chimes,
Echo back her laugh.
O, that path is short and dreary,
Leading where the graves are green,
And one lonely heart is weary,
Faithless Eveleen.

WHERE ART THOU?

WHERE art thou? Strange it seems,
This silent spot;
All things that lived within our dreams
Whilst thou art not.
Where art thou? I fold my hands
Upon the air;
My spirit waits, like one who stands
Bowed with a prayer.

Waits for the shadow of a face,
Wrapt in my heart,
Which comes no more, yet from its place
Will not depart.
Begone, thou past, that spoils my day,
With vain regret,

Teach me to put old things away,
I would forget.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

IT was a pleasant house, built in the olden time,
An hundred trees around it, all standing in their prime,
With long and pleasant galleries, where the children used to play,
With quiet nooks and corners, to hide themselves away.

It seemeth but a dream, a vision of the night,
The dying wife and mother, who faded from our sight;
But like a star of Heaven—a memory in my life,
Is the beautiful Ernanie—John Alpin's second wife.

The beautiful Ernanie, the young and happy bride,
Who knew so well to love, yet never knew to chide,
The golden haired Ernanie, to loving hearts so dear,
Who brought within her pleasant home, the shadow and the fear.

The shadow of the dead that glided every where,
That crept within the galleries, and floated in the air,
The shadow of the dead, the pale unwelcome guest,
That hushed our childish merriment, the dead, that would not rest.

The summer winds were dying, and the merry leaves were dead,
And darker grew the darkness, around the curtained bed,
While busy tongues were prating, and the shuddering air grew rife,
With a woeful tale of horror, a wronged and murdered wife.

John Alpin's cheek grew paler, with every passing hour,
For the beautiful Ernanie, who faded like the flower,
For the beautiful Ernanie, who faded by his side,
The dying from the dead, John Alpin bore his bride.

It is a lonely house, a relic of the past,
The trees are dead around it, as riven by the blast;

The long and pleasant galleries, where the children used to play,
With their quiet nooks and corners, have fallen to decay.

But at the dead of night the country people round,
Still listen while they pass, for a low and wailing sound;
For the shadow that is flitting, the pale unwelcome guest,
The shadow of the dead—the dead that cannot rest.

SABBATARIANISM.

MERCHANT, o'er the ledger bending,
Men of action, men of leisure;
Wheresoe'er your steps are tending,
Madam, with your leave and pleasure.

There's a gospel in the gamut,
Nature's song to weary men;
From the world-sphere of the planet,
To the cowslip, in the glen.

There's a gospel dimly lying,
Sin-incrusted 'neath your eye,
Fan it, madam, lest in dying,
It proclaim your faith a lie.

Six days with a thought unswerving,
Bowing down to gods of clay,
Six days time and mammon serving,
'Till the locks and heart are gray;

One day of the teeming seven,
Kneeling in a cushioned pew,
Never yet hath won the Heaven,
Promised to the just and true.

God, we praise Thee, in high places,
And proclaim thy name aloud,
Sanctified our hearts and faces,
By thy special grace endowed.

Thankful we are not as these,
Who thy Sabbath laws o'erthrow,
Thus, spake out the Pharisees,
Eighteen hundred years ago.

Answered one, whose word shall live,
When the reeling worlds decay,
"Get ye hence, your lips ye give,
When your hearts are far away."

Answered one, whose humblest ways,
Not the purest life shall span,
"Man is Lord of Sabbath days,
For the day was made for man."

Blessed be the church external,
May its ancient pillars stand,
Fettering not the gift eternal,
Freedom, in a freeman's land.

Trust me, at as pure an altar
Where the million anthems sound,
There are steps which shall not falter,
Free-will offerings shall abound.

God is present Here and There,
And his church is in all space;
While the pure and honest prayer
Finds, alone, the Throne of Grace.

EVELYN CLARE.

EVELYN Clare will soon be wed.
Time, that bears upon its wing,
Tears that some bright eye shall shed,
Brings Evelyn Clare a gay, gold ring.

Hearts have prayed from morn 'till night,
Hands have toiled for Evelyn Clare;
Like the lily, pure and white,
Is the robe that she will wear.

Earthly pleasures throng her way,
Gold and silver is her dower;
And her face, the gossips say,
Rivals Nature's fairest flower.

Across the street lives Edith Muir,
She hath neither wealth nor fame;
But the sad—the meek—the pure,
Rain down blessings on her name.

She's not much of outward grace,
But the world some hearts can show,
Who have seen the inner face
That the holy angels know.

Earthly bridegroom may not press
Hand of thine, sweet Edith Muir,
Yet for thee a bridal dress
Waits, whose threads are firm and sure.

Worldly fashion, seam nor fold,
Ne'er can make nor mar its worth;
It hath neither dross nor gold,
Neither trick nor stain of earth.

Gay gold ring, and orange-wreath,
  Hope of the fond and fair;
No heart can tell what lies beneath
  Your joys for Evelyn Clare.

Heavenly Bridegroom! worlds may fail,
  But Thy promise must endure;
Where the joys of Heaven prevail,
  Waits the robe of Edith Muir.

HOPE LIES BENEATH THEM ALL.

YOU have heard the legend, oft-times told—
A legend, famous as 'tis old—
When sin first drew its hated breath,
When mortal life was cursed with death;
The pitying gods conceived the plan
To send their gifts to fallen man.

He took the casket wrapped in clay,
Where many a heaven-born jewel lay;
From love's bright wings he shook the dust;
He bathed his soul in faith and trust;
With eager haste, he grasped the fame
That gilds full many an honored name.
But all in vain—so runs the tale—

Man knew the sparkling gems would pale;
He knew, too well, that earth's alloy
Must dim, ere long, each radiant joy.
But who shall tell the rapture wild,
That thrilled his heart (earth's sorrowing child);
That took the sting from out the pain,
That gave him his lost Heaven again,
Responding to his spirit's call?
'Twas hope—sweet hope—that lay beneath them all.

O, well the gods, since time began
Have kept the promise, made to man,
For love may die, and worldly strife
May dim the fairest gift in life;
Tho' earth's best joys shall fade away,
Look up, poor heart! 'tis for a day;
The sigh may rise, the tear may fall;
But hope still lies beneath them all.

THE DEVIL'S VISIT.

'TIS fifty years or thereabout,
I don't exactly know the time;
Nor can I tell you by what route
The Devil left his sultry clime;

When by some sudden freak or chance,
He stepped from Moscow into France,
From thence, so runs poetic lore,
Unto Great Britain's humid shore—
  You'll find it all in Byron's rhyme;
I've naught to do with ancient lays,
  And if I call unto your mind,
This little fact of former days;
  'Tis that, I know you'll be inclined
To doubt my song, so with my own
A poet's evidence is thrown:
For what hath been, we all do know,
May be again, as I will show.

A week to-day, the air was cold.
  Now where there's such a "stress of weather"
The Ice King is abroad, we're told.
  I cannot tell if foul or fair
  The habits of this king of air;
  But truth to say,
  Upon that day
Some things were sadly mixed together;
For, by the winds which then did roar,
And, but I'll not waste a simile,
  The day was cold, as cold can be;
  You might have thought the Arctic sea
Had rolled its waters to our shore.

'Twas on that day, the Devil said,
"I have a leisure hour or two,
And, as so many years have fled
Since of yon earth I've had a view,
I'll take this hour I have to spare,
And try, I think, a change of air;
Not that my aid is needed there,
For since the fire which men call sin
One mundane heart was kindled in,
I've kept my agents there to fan it;
And, by my realm, so leal are they,
So strong the tide has set this way,
That if discomfort we'd allay
I must annex some neighboring planet."
The Devil smiled a smile so grim
It made the imps about him quake,
It lit each cavern, vast and dim,
And played like fire upon the lake;
The one where Charon ferries o'er
The souls that flock upon that shore.

"Bring forth my suit of bottle-green."
The suit was brought, his valet's hand
—Such nimble one was never seen
In this or any other land—
Arrayed him in the latest mode
That's known to swells in that abode;
"I'm sick," he said, "of Europe's broils,

Her vulgar thefts, her petty spoils,
  Her tyrants, and her kings;
Each day she but repeats her toils;
Like ancient Job, she's full of boils,
  And to her misery clings;
I'll none of her, 'twill light my cares
To see how my Republic fares;
As time is short—a famous pity—
I'll land at once, in the Empire City."

No sooner said than it was done.
  A moment since his valet brushed
One of those coals which good men shun,
  Whose living fire cannot be crushed
  More than the sun,
From out his path, the next—here fails my lore;
  Don't ask me, pray!
No mortal soul could see the door
  Thro' which he entered on Broadway.

Now if he stood a moment there,
With something very like a stare
  Upon his swarthy face,
You must admit the scene was strange;
The climate, too, was quite a change
  From that more favored place—
  You know the name!
Indeed the first thing that he did,

His hands were in his pockets slid,
And nothing but his hoofs were seen,
As he passed on in bottle-green,
To tell from whence he came.

Now left and right, and up and down,
He marks the beauties of the town.
Thro' brick and mortar he can look,
And read, as in an open book;
Full oft before his eyes appear
Famine, and cold, with naught to cheer;
And something very like a tear
Within his eye doth shine.
He sees the hand the needle ply,
He marks the heart that once beat high
As yours or mine;
A moment more, and in a trice
He brushed that tear away,
He sees the work, and marks the price—
Ten cents a day.
"Now, by my head," he quickly said,
"I bless that man, alive or dead,
Who, out of woman's tears and pains,
Hath counted, or doth count his gains;
For him my hottest fires shall glow,
My highest gifts I will bestow
On such a faithful soul;
And if within my kingdom lies

One of those crypts which men do prize,
Men who on earth would upward rise
To taste the flavor of the skies;
If in my realm of sombre light
I've one to match their proudest height
He's won the goal."

Then blithe and gay
Adown Broadway,
He stopped not, 'till his eye did fall
Upon the front of City Hall;
A smile lit up his swarthy face
For, truth to tell, it was a place
Well known in his abode.
"Ah, well!" he said, "I'm sorrow-proof;
But could I pity,
One sigh I'd breathe beneath yon roof
For this poor city.
I must be careful of my land
When such as these do touch the strand."
Still on he strode.
Wall street he saw,
He eye'd it o'er
From Broadway to the water.
He saw the bulls, he saw the bears,
He said, "I too, do own some shares;
But on a nearer view,

I fear, my friends, like your own wares,
My stock is bogus too.
This light, like my own kingdom glares,
I fear a place so full of snares,
I'll try some other quarter."

'Twas a gayer scene—a gayer crowd,
Where 'mid the wealthy and the proud
He took his way.
The Gothic structures of the town,
The stately mansions, red and brown
Before him lay.
He saw the carriages roll by,
The liveried servants pleased his eye,
He saw the pomp, the show, the style,
And once again did Satan smile,
"'Tis well!" he said.
And here he shook his wicked head,
For, ah! 'twas not this scene alone
His eye looked on—as has been shown,
All thoughts—all hearts to him were known,
He saw the price so often paid,
The ruined lives, the trust betrayed.
He saw the mire through which *we* wade,
We, who at any price would hold
The precious stuff, which men call gold.
With something 'tween a sneer and stare,
These muttered words fell on the air—

"Old Rome was slow;
Not so
The pace at which you go,
My young Republic,—I like your gait,
And for the end—why, I can wait."

With quickened step—he gazed around;
He paused—'twas consecrated ground;
He marked a crowd, which greater grew,
He saw the door which they passed through,
And to his shameless instincts true,
He said, "I'll take an inner view."

Alas! alas, that such a hoof
Should enter 'neath a sacred roof.

Perhaps it was some holy day;
I cannot tell, I cannot say
If it was sermon, song or prayer,
I only know he entered there.
No doubt he first surveyed the place,
And then the beauty and the grace,
Jewels and silks, with gleam and glow,
Made to his eyes a pretty show.
He marked the wealth, the style, the art,
And then, alas! he marked the heart;
"A cheat, a cheat!" the Devil cried,
"My friends, the Spirit I defied

Holds in abhorrence carnal pride,
—This is my horse which you do ride."

He vanished, but with such a yell,
Twas like the last, the final knell
Of which the poets tell,
When Gabriel's hand shall ring the chime
Which ushers out departing time.

EPIGRAMS.

ON SNEERING.

TWO symbols of woe in our world have birth,
One for the dead, that have passed from the earth.
This outward death, on our arm we pin,
But the sneer, is the badge of the death within.

CHRIST gave his life that man might live;
I weep not o'er thy sod;
Who gives to man what man may give,
Reigns nearest unto God.

TO OUR COUSINS, OVER THE WATER.

SO John, I hear you've got the spleen,
You grumble, groan, and stew,
Bewailing o'er that saucy rogue—
Yankee-Doodle-do.

With my respects, across the wave,
I send this anodyne,
I trust 'twill ease your shaken nerves,
And brace your ailing spine.

Altho' we're but an infant, John,
Don't trouble 'bout our colic;
For that's a thing, between ourselves,
To fan our flame historic!

We'll hold our own, with something more
If need—for restitution—
While neither cramps, nor colic, John,
Can break our Constitution.

Of soldiers, ah! no given space
Can such a harvest yield,
And to calm your agitation, John,
They are ready for *a* field.

In short, we have the biggest land,
The biggest rivers flowing,
The biggest trees, the biggest fields,
Where the biggest crops are growing;
We have the brightest lips and eyes,
That ever yet were glowing;
The biggest hearts, the biggest souls
Of any of Heaven's bestowing;
And when a squabble suits our mood,
The biggest one that's going;
And when we've done some trifling things,
As we shall soon be showing,
You'll hear us, John, across the wave;—
We'll do the biggest crowing.

Of domestic Bulls we've had a few;
We let them rage and foam;
But foreign Bulls, (mind, John,)
Had better stop at home.

RALLY FOR IRELAND.

RALLY for Ireland! fling out the green flag
Till its name grows a terror on land and on sea;

From upland, from lowland, from headland and crag,
Let it float to the breeze 'till old Ireland is free!

Drown with your trumpets the coward's alarms;
Stand by your colors, though dark clouds may lower.
Hark! o'er the sea comes the cry of "To arms!"
Men of old Ireland, now is your hour!

By the songs which her bards o'er her cradle have sung;
By the deeds which her heroes have writ with the sword;
By the heartbreaking tears which oppression hath wrung;
By the blood of the martyrs for the land they adored;

Rally for Ireland! Stand forth in your might;
With your eyes on yon flag, may it never be said
That the brave sons of Erin withdrew from the fight
Till its emerald folds waved over the red!

O! the spirit of Emmet breathes out on the air,
And the soul of O'Connell looks down from the skies;

One points to the deeds which oppression may dare,
And one to the goal where liberty lies.

Then up! 'tis the path that your forefathers trod!
Like the dawn in the East, I see the first ray
Of the sun whose beams, by the blessing of God,
Shall burst through the clouds that are darkening your way.

And oh! may Columbia remember the land
Whose sons in her peril were foremost and true,
Upholding her banner with heart and with hand,
We will twine the green folds with the red, white and blue.

Rally for Ireland! fling out the green flag,
Till its name grows a terror on land and on sea;
From upland, from lowland, from headland and crag,
Let it float to the breeze 'till old Ireland is free.

ALAS, FOR THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

ALAS, for the good old days!
The good old days of yore!
My country—fittest theme for praise—

When thy young brow was crowned with bays,
When monarchs trembled at thy gaze;
Alas, for the good old days!
The good old days of yore,
Four years ago, or more.

The moonlight trembles on the hill
As in the good old days;
As tranquilly its peaceful rays
Fall on the crazy water-mill,
Light up the torrent and the rill,
And brighten all my window-sill,
With thoughts that once my soul could fill.
But I've no dream of wanton rills,
No talk to-night, for the noisy mills,
Only my country's woes and ills,
The flag that floats on an hundred hills,
And if I watch the moon's pale rays,
'Tis but to sigh for the good old days,
The good old days of yore,
Four years ago, or more.

How proudly then I walked this sward,
Saluting on yon crag,
As next in majesty to God,
Fair Freedom's fairest flag,
Ere deeds that dyed my cheeks with shame
Were written there in Freedom's name—

Ere I had learned the tearful lay,
"A little rule, a little sway,"
Is more in man's degenerate day,
Than Freedom's boasted fame.

O moon so fair, so calm, so bright,
Go forth, sweet moon, go forth to-night,
Attend my spirit's cry;
O let thy glowing fingers write,
On faithless hearts, in letters white,
A mandate from the sky;
Go seek the hearts now wrapped in power,
Bid them be tender of the flower
Bequeathed our land, the costly dower
Of eighty years ago;
Go seek the hearts where worldly pelf,
Where love of gain and love of self,
Have wrought a deeper woe;
O moon, sweet moon, thou dost behold
Yon flag; write treason on the gold
That hath betrayed one azure fold;
Go forth, oh moon, my words are weak,
But thou art strong, go forth and speak;
But if thou find'st some blessed spot
Where patriots dwell, where mammon is not,
There rest thy moonbeams, *silent, deep*—
There bid the holy angels keep
Sweet vigils o'er the just one's sleep.

Farewell, sweet moon, I kiss thy rays,
I bid thee speed, for the good old days,
The good old days of yore,
When every song was a song of praise,
When this fair land was crowned with bays,
When monarchs trembled at her gaze.
Alas, for the good old days!
The good old days of yore,
Four years ago, or more.

RAISING A REGIMENT.

RAISING a regiment—so I am,
You had better believe—it is no sham;
A regiment, friends, for Uncle Sam.
A step from Haughwout's costly pile
From the noisy dash, and stately style,
Read the card on the open door,
See—"business hours, from ten to four."

Fair woman, leave your worldly graces,
Leave your ribbons, jewels, laces;
Hear the song of the swelling chimes,
Step to the music—step to the times—
Now's the hour to throw your name
In the topmost niche of the Temple of Fame;

Out of the dark, who'll try for the mark
A seat, by the side, Jeanne d'Arc ;
Raising a regiment, yes, it is true,
A regiment, friends, that's bound to go thro';
That never will run, nor shirk, nor sue.
Womanly hearts, in town or glen,
Send your mite, a one, or a ten,
Nothing is contraband but *men.*

The World, not the one old Atlas bears,
Full of its crotchets, quirks, and cares ;
Not this world, nor the other, I deem,
Of which in our sorrow, we always dream,
But a " World," that's born of type and steam,
The one you sip, with your coffee and cream,
Hath dared to say, in your peaceful sky,
The sun hath set, the day gone by,
When women were strong, to do, or die ;
I throw my glove,
No carrier dove,
Defiantly hurled,
At the feet of " The World."*

Poor formal hearts, we've crossed your Styx,
Hurrah, for the spirit of Seventy-Six !

* The " World " newspaper, on one occasion, expressed the conviction that, in these days, there were no women equal to the crisis.

Point us the Marat, a tyrant's that's willed,
To sit in the chair, that Washington filled.
By all we prize,
The flowers below, and the stars above,
We swear, by the hearts that are ours to love,
Your Charlotte Corday shall arise.

Some things that were have passed away;
Who careth a tithe for the poet's lay?
And a lover, alas! is a pitiful elf,
When Cupid himself is laid on the shelf,—
For the ring of the world, from shore to shore,
Is a martial ring, the clangor of war.
Raising a regiment, that's not to wait
For the fiat abroad nor the sanction of State,
That hath not in its plan a beneficent man,—
Benefactor or Pastor,
Contractor or Master,
To furnish recruits with Government suits,
Impervious quite, from hat to boots!
No political credit nor worldly position,
Can buy, in our ranks, a single commission;
But merit alone—the star we adore—
Is the wonderful sesame that opens the door,
In council, camp and field.
Forward—march—the hour hath come,
When the sound of the fife and the call of the drum,

Hath music more sweet to stir up the heart,
Than all the bravados or vauntings of art.
Forward—march—in Lincoln green;
Our rifles are sharp, our blades are keen;
Forward—march—we'll face the foe;
We'll strike their colors, and lay them low;
With hands all steady, and hearts a-glow,
That never were born to yield.
And we solemnly vow, by the soul of Mars,
That whenever we've planted our stripes and stars,
In city or dale, in village or vale,
Not proud of our fame or booty,
We'll not march back, to be feted and praised,
And dream the world must stand amazed,
Because we did our duty;
But onward press, o'er mountain and lea,
As long as there floats, from staff or tree,
A rebel flag, in the land of the free.

Alas! secesh,
What a terrible mesh!
What a rent in a great balloon
That was sailing on, in a regal noon,
That laughed at brackets, at props, and bars,
And thought, full soon, to reach the stars,
Or the sun, perhaps!
O! air and ether, gas and vapor,

Jupiter Ammon, Canis Major,
What a collapse!

I groan with pain,—
St. Domingo's gone to Spain;
Mexico, it is sung, or said,
The soil on which our heroes bled,
Where loving thoughts still wander,
Is soon to be, if royal throats may thus agree,
Cut up, and served, in slices three,
Like any goose or gander.

Shade of Monroe, rise from thy grave,
And throw thy arm across the wave,—
Tell to the scorners, in their scorn,
'Twere better they had not been born
Than touch with sacrilegious hand
The smallest fibre in the land;
That Uncle Sam shall yet arise,
Triumphant as the glorious skies,
When some dark cloud of wind and rain
Hath swept the valley, cleared the plain,
And the golden sun shines forth again!

Raising a regiment—yes, it is true,
That is, waiting recruits—and a captain or two.
Forward—to fight for the land we adore,
In a regiment, friends, that's in for the war.

THE RING OF THE SUTLER'S WIFE.

WHAT is the price of that ring? she said;
The man at the counter raised his head.
Never before had the woman's face
Darken'd the door of that princely place.
The man at the counter opened the case,
He took the gem from its regal bed;
"A thousand dollars for the ring," he said.

I saw the Treasury notes unroll'd,
A thousand dollars counted and told;
O, the man at the counter thought he had sold
A diamond ring for the figure it bore,
A thousand dollars, and nothing more.
I knew the notes, foul with the stamp
Of the sutler's toils in tent and camp;
I knew the notes, foul with the stain
Of the sutler's toils on field and plain—
The Treasury notes, with the curse of the slain,
That the lack and need of a soldier's life
Paid for the ring of the sutler's wife.

O, the man at the counter held the gem,
Would grace the costliest diadem
That ever clasped its pearls of light

On some fair brow, as proudly bright—
A royal diamond, pure and white;
I saw the ring on the woman's hand,
The costly ring, the jeweled band,
That flashed the shame of my native land,
And it seemed as a breath, like a poisonous air,
Passed over the gem once bright and fair,
And left a flaw forever there—
A fatal flaw, flagrant and rife
With pelf and profit, sin and strife
In the diamond ring of the sutler's wife.

THE OLD FLAG.

Five hundred soldiers—mostly from New York Regiments—were sent from Richmond to the jail at Tuscaloosa. These men, amidst privation and suffering, kept up their spirits, and when they started for Tuscaloosa, astonished Richmond by bursting out in the spirit-stirring chorus of the "Star Spangled Banner."

NO victorious banner was waving on high,
No triumph of battle was theirs to relate;
No shouting of victory went up to the sky,
As from bondage to bondage they marched to their fate.
While they struck the bold anthem, plain, mountain and strand

Re-echoed once more to the song of our land—
"'Tis the Star Spangled Banner, O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

Did they think of the home, where that pennant so gay,
Was waving, o'er valley, o'er mountain and wold?
Did they think of the hosts that are marshall'd to-day,
To wipe the dark stain from each idolized fold?
While the swords of the foeman still flashed on the air,
Undaunted, unawed, 'mid oppression and care,
"O say does that Star Spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?"

And they, who were mute 'neath that thrilling hosanna,
The proudest, the grandest a nation may claim,
Was no pang in their hearts, at the thought of that banner,
Who had shared in its glory and joyed in its fame?
Who so oft 'neath its folds had in unison met,

O say, can a son of Columbia forget?
"The Star Spangled Banner, O long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?"

O star of my country, with a faith all unbroken,
I watch thy bright beams as they dazzle or pale;
I know that the mandate of God hath been spoken,
That the cause of the free and the just shall prevail.
Then blessed be they, who, enshrined in thy story,
Have shared in thy gloom and shall live in thy glory,
"While the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

AN APPEAL TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN

IN BEHALF OF THE FIVE MEN DOOMED TO EXECUTION ON THE 29TH JANUARY, 1864.

AS men pray for gifts which are dearest in life,
When the depths of the spirit are stirred,
So I, 'mid the surgings of tumult and strife,
Do pray that my voice may be heard.

Who kneel for the souls that are doomed unto death,
Kneel 'midst the legions of valiant and brave,
Kneel 'midst the armies awaiting thy breath,
Give chance to the boys for a nobler grave.

Save, for the sake of the mothers who bore them;
Spare, for the sake of the flag that floats o'er them;
A merciful deed is a God-like hosanna,
Which bringeth no stain to the Star-Spangled Banner.

Oh! pardon, the dream of a mother's pale face;
The hunger and thirst for some beckoning hand;
The heart-sick yearning for the dear old place,
Too strong for the soul to withstand.
Who knoweth what memories, fatal and bright,
O'er the heart of the soldier may creep—
May muffle the drum, blot out from his sight,
The trust he has sworn to keep.

Save, for the sake of the good that is in them;
Spare, for the hope that sweet mercy may win them
To fight the good fight. Oh! plant the great seed
That may blossom for us, in this day of our need.

In a tear-stricken home some mother, heart-broken,
Is kneeling for strength to the God of the true ;
Some wife of the doomed, with terror unspoken,
Thro' eyes that are faded, is looking to you.
Some father, alas ! where the old flag is flying,
Who singeth a psalm that " God's will may be done,"
While clasping the colors, with love that's undying,
Is kneeling to Heaven with a prayer for his son.

Save, for the sake of the cause that's enroll'd us ;
Spare, for the sake of the truth that is told us ;
Tho' justice gleams bright, in a world tempest-driven,
'Tis o'ertopped by sweet mercy in the kingdom of Heaven.

Oh ! rare words of pardon the south wind is bearing:
"Tell the men that return the old flag shall protect them."
By the future that beckons, this jubilee sharing,
Grant pardon to men whose *weakness* hath wreck'd them.
No blood of the foe stains the flag that we cherish ;

'Mid the harvests of death which have darkened
the air,
We must press back the tears, when our brave
heroes perish,
But spare us, O God! what mercy can spare!

Save for the sake of the mothers who bore them;
Spare, for the sake of the flag that floats o'er
them;
A merciful deed is a God-like hosana,
Which leaveth no stain on the Star-Spangled
Banner.

"MOVE ON, MEN."

"Much obliged to you! Move on, Men," was General Burnside's answer, on the reception of the flag presented to him at an early period of the war.

MOVE on, men, and the men moved on
To the good old song our fathers sung—
Move on, men, and the men moved on
'Neath the good old flag our fathers flung;
'Mid the million hopes, and the million fears,
A nation's prayers, and a nation's cheers.

Move on, men, and the men moved on,
Moved on with their banners gay;

Through Columbia's darkest day.
Move on, men, and the men moved on,
Step so firm and heart so brave ;
Moved on, o'er the watery wave,
Moved on, 'mid the dismal roar
Of the mighty winds, from shore to shore ;
Moved on, moved on, tempest tost,
With rudders broke, and anchors lost—
Braved the tempest, stemmed the tide,
For the good old ship, the nation's pride,
In which our fathers fought and died,
Where God's voice in thunder spoke,
Whilst the waves tumultuous broke,
Burnside moved to Roanoke.

When an hundred years are o'er ;
When other hearts, shall read the lore
That's written on Columbia's shore ;
When old Time's assuaging hand
Hath wreathed it's ivy o'er the land,
Then the poet's soul shall flow,
Then, the patriot's heart shall glow,
Then, romance, with magic spell
To the listening world shall tell
How the winds and waves awoke
Mingling, with the fiery smoke ;
Cannon's roar, and sabre stroke,
When Burnside moved to Roanoke.

THE REBEL BALL.

HA! ha! ha! Stand from under!
The great balloon, the mighty wonder
That's crazed the world with flash and thunder,
Is coming down;
Turn out, turn out, ye people all,
Three cheers, for the rebel ball,
Ha! ha! ha! see it fall,
Three cheers from every town;
O mighty theme, of the poet's lay,
Like many another, thou hast had thy day;
Laugh, sing, be merry and gay,
No more sorrow, no more pain,
The bubble's burst—I breathe again.

O, Jefferson D.!
Had you come to me,
I'd have told you just how it would be,
That our hopes are like the withering grass,
That lead is more efficient than brass;
While a very volatile fluid is gas,
Alas! alas!
I'd have told you all that has come to pass!

O, Jefferson D.!
Had you come to me,
I'd have told you that which you did not see;

That there is no balloon, however high
It may float or soar in Columbia's sky,
But the American Eagle will far outfly.

Jefferson D., they are dangerous things
To mortals who've not grown their wings.
Many and many a one I've seen
Go up, in a sky all serene,
A loyal car, as any, I ween,
You'll chance to meet.
Many a one, where the path was clear,
Come down in a way exceedingly queer,
To all who walk this lower sphere
Upon their feet.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! Stand from under !
The great balloon, the mighty wonder
That's crazed the world with flash and thunder,
Is coming down.

A TRIBUTE.

BOWING to no earthly creed,
Holding naught beneath our ban,
Sanctioning not, in thought or deed,
Let us all revere the man ;

For the gloom, and for the glory,
Told in tears and told in pride;
For the life-blood and the story,
How a brave man lived and died.

O how clear the voice is ringing!
O how small the thread you sever!
Hope, and joy, and impulse flinging,
It shall sound, and sound forever.

O how vain the hope to darken
Stars that point the rising day;
Fling the song, and men shall hearken,
Tho' the lyre be swept away.

Brave old man! there's somewhat in thee
Shames the souls of meaner men;
Man may crush, but time shall win thee
From the grave to earth again.

OUR UNION AND OUR FLAG.

MY flag! when first those starry folds
Which waved o'er Sumter's band,
Received the traitors' murderous fire,
How flashed the tumult through the land.
No soul e'er panted for the hour
That lifts it from love's torturing rack,

As panted, then, a nation's heart,
To hurl the insult back.

If shame then hushed Columbia's breath,
And bowed her beauteous form,
'Twas but the siroc's awful pause—
The lull before the storm.
Then men awoke, soul spoke to soul,
And hand grasped hand, for woe or weal;
Then wavering hearts were turned to iron,
And nerves were turned to steel.

Old feuds were not, old parties died,
From vale to mountain crag;
A nation's shout linked friend and foe,
Our Union, and our flag;
We gave our men as freely then,
As leaves from forest tree,
We gave our gold, as rivers give
Their waters to the sea.

Still floats on high Columbia's flag,
In the gloom of the autumn day,
The blot still on her starry folds,
The stain not washed away;
Fort Moultrie stands, and Charleston lives,
And freedom's sun grows pale,

Oh ! God, whate'er thy children's doom,
Let not her foes prevail.

We point to Ellsworth's honored tomb,
To Lyon's fall, to Baker's grave,
What say Missouri's vine-clad hills ?
What answer from Potomac's wave?
What answer they ? Men ask of men,
Who never yet foreswore the vow,
What answer they? the nation asks,
With lowering heart and brow.

Men, whom Columbia's voice hath call'd
To guide this ship of state,
Remember well each soul on board
Owns portion in her freight ;
More clean was Nero's reeking brow,
More guiltless Arnold's past,
Than the hand that falters at the helm,
Or shrinks before the blast.

TO THE TENTH LEGION,

WHICH PASSED DOWN BROADWAY SINGING THE REFRAIN "FOR GOD AND OUR COUNTRY WE ARE MARCHING ALONG."

MARCHING along !—marching to the war—
I saw them as they passed, a thousand men
or more.

Their bayonets were gleaming in the sun's burning light,
For God and their country, they were marching to the fight,
Marching along, marching along,
"For God and our country, we are marching along."

I could not see their banners, for my eyes grew dim,
I but thought of my country, and sublime grew their hymn,
Till my soul echoed back, oh! again and again
The song of the battle! the soldiers' refrain:
Marching along, marching along,
"For God, and our country, we are marching along."

I have bowed to the song, when love was the theme,
I have listened to the chime, when fame was the dream,
Not the psalmodies of life, nor the cadences of art,
Were so grand to my ear, or so dear to my heart.
Marching along, marching along,
"For God, and our country, we are marching along."

Loud blew the bugle—God keep them where they roam,
For the hearts that are waiting—for the firesides at home,

Loud blew the bugle, and they answered in their
might,
For God and our country, we are marching to the
fight.
Marching along, marching along,
"For God, and our country, we are marching along."

Marching along—marching along—
Brave were their hearts, and brave was their song,
O, I know there are leaves on the old bay tree,
That are growing for their brows, in the land of
the free.
Marching along, marching along,
"For God, and their country, they were marching
along."

THE BATTLE.

THE battle was over, we had won it, they said;
I heard the brief tale of the heroes who led,
Of the hosts that went in, of the few that came out,
Of the charge for the Union, the carnage and rout.
God pity the hearts that are cleft to the core
For the heroes who fell on Potomac's blue shore!

Alone by my casement, at the dead of the night,
Like a blast from the battle came news of the fight;

I heard not the shriek of the death-dooming gun,
I saw not the sabres that flashed in the sun;
No tumult of glory lit up the dark plain,
Whose furrows ran red with the blood of the slain.

O, deaf was my ear to the whoop and the roar,
And blind was my eye to the trappings of war;
I saw not the charger, decked out in his pride,
For the pale horse of death that stalked by his side;
O pæans of joy, hosanna and prayer,
Ye were lost in the dirges that burdened the air.

Ay, naught but the wail from mountain and strand,
That arose to the skies from the heart of the land;
O, Columbia, my country, proud land of my birth,
I have need to remember thy mission on earth;
I have need to remember, heart-weary and torn,
The flag that our fathers unfurl'd to the morn.

May the sheen of thy rifles die out in the glade,
With brother 'gainst brother no longer arrayed;
May the swords of the children be sheathed to the hilt
On the plain where the blood of the martyrs was spilt;
May the Star-Spangled Banner, bright gleaming of heaven,
Float over the hearts that no longer are riven.

Thou art travailing to-day, in anguish and woe,
The breast that should shield is the breast of thy foe;
While I gaze on thy hills, where naught should be seen
But the low waving lines of thy emerald green,
I have need to remember, all memories above,
That the God whom we worship chastiseth in love.

THE SOLDIER TO THE CIVILIAN.

COME, all who are dhraming that war is but play;
Come, all who are blaming the soldier to-day,
Shoulder your gun,
And join in the fun,
Take part in the battle and mix in the fray.

Come, all who are spaking of city and port,
Come join in the taking, and witness the sport.
O, come for a spell,
'Mid the shot and the shell,
And see what it is to be sazing a fort.

Come, all who are throubling the world with their views.
Come, all who are doubling their gold and their dues—

Tender your life,
To the drum and the fife;
Hang up your sermon, and throw up your muse.

Come, all who'd be steering this troublesome ark,
You'll find it quite cheering, a trip in our bark,
Down with the bars,
Up with the Stars,
Is the song of the boys, come join the lark.

While the soldier is fighting, his flag to defend,
May you all be uniting, your forces to blend,
Whatever our day;
Be it sombre or gay,
May we find in each other, a prop and a friend.

READING THE BULLETIN.

HURRAH for the crowd! knee-deep in the snow,
Shoulder to shoulder, friend and foe,
Rich and poor, high and low,
Long and short, lean and stout,
Hats with a brim, hats without,
Some who believe, *many who doubt*,
Reading the bulletin.

Hurrah for the noses! white and red,
Noses that lead, more that are led,
Spectacled noses high in the air,
Wonderful noses, that never despair,
Various noses, common and rare,
Noses that live nobody knows where,
Surrounding the nose of the millionaire,
Reading the bulletin.

Cravats that are black, a few that are white,
Preachers of peace, teachers of light,
Encircled by arms, in for the fight,
Some that are straight, a few that are tight,
Reading the bulletin.

Hearts that are jolly, hearts that are not,
Heads that are cool, a few that are hot,
More than one *that will never be shot,*
Reading the bulletin.

Men, men who are blocking the way,
What doth the bustling bulletin say?
Men, men, see you a ray
To lighten the path of a desolate day?
Men, men who are blocking the way,
What doth the wonderful bulletin say?

"Only a battle—a victory won,
Nobly, bravely, gallantly done."

Shout the news, thro' the busy town,
"Stocks are up, and gold is down."
Shout the news to the brazen sun,
A battle is fought a victory won.

I passed along 'mid the gathering throng,
With an inmost hope, and a fervent song,
With an inmost hope, and a fervent prayer,
That every cheer that rent the air,
Sent to the sun from the crazy mart,
Was a *patriot's* cheer, from a *patriot's* heart.

For there's another bulletin, that shall abide
When nations no more to battle ride—
When the heart beats not, nor the pulse controlled
By the rise in *stocks*, or the fall of *gold*—
Another bulletin written to-day,
Whose Promethean lines shall not decay
When the records of time have passed away;
O Searcher of Hearts, pure fountain of love,
How readeth thy bulletin in the Kingdom above?

THE FALL OF BEAUFORT.

HUZZA, the Star-Spangled Banner is waving again,

Where the black flag of treason encumbered the plain,
O, send ye a pæan across the blue main,
For the Star-Spangled Banner is waving again.

Ah! fair was the day, none fairer, I trow,
Ever smiled on the brave, or dawned on the foe;
When rounding the Bay, each death-dealing barge
Rode gallantly in, and advanced to the charge.

Then fell the red shot, like the rain that was poured
On Gomorah of old, of God the abhorred;
Then a war-cry, for freedom, swept over the wave,
Death, death to the traitor! to treason a grave.

One round, my brave boys, o'er the blue shining Bay,
For the flag, that is waving at mast-head to-day;
For the patriot's heart, that still lovingly turns,
Where the star of our country exultingly burns.

One round, and their guns are awaiting reply,
'Neath the shade of their forts they triumphantly lie;
No sound breaks the silence, of sea, and of sky,
Where the steel-throated guns are awaiting reply.

No response from the foe; they are nearing the shore,
Past bulwark and mound their numbers they pour;
No guard to dispute the soil where they tread,
No face bars their path, but the face of the dead.

A LAMENT FROM MISSOURI.—GEN. LYON.

THE wind that sweeps the battle-grounds
Sweeps o'er thy lowly bed;
The trumpet's warning note still sounds—
But thou art dead!
To arms, to arms! the drums still beat,
But where art thou who led?
Far on the hills, the tramp of feet,
A heavy tread!
And the foemen's swords in the valley meet,
Though thou art dead!

Beneath Missouri's darkened sky
Where the tide of war runs red!
We breathe thy name with many a sigh—
The early dead!
O! when the rage of battle's o'er,
And the last tear-drop shed,

When the gun lies listless by the door
Where heroes bled!
With victory's cry our tears we'll pour,
That thou art dead!

They have lain thee in thy native glade,
With a wreath upon thy head;
Whose shining leaf shall never fade—
The honored dead!
While hero deeds the soul shall thrill,
Or to the foe bring dread;
While of yon flag upon the hill
There floats one thread!
Thy name shall be a watch-word still—
The glorious dead!

YANKEEDOM AND DIXIE.

TWEEDLE-DUM AND TWEEDLE-DEE.

YANKEE Doodle is heard no more—
Down in Dixie;
Loyal hearts are sick and sore—
Down in Dixie;
E Pluribus Unum has gone ashore—
Down in Dixie;
Facts for which our fathers fought,

Lived and died, go for naught,
Down in Dixie.

Many there are, who sigh and groan—
Down in Yankeedom;
Construing things in a way of their own—
Down in Yankeedom;
Things 'twere best to let alone—
Down in Yankeedom;
Facts for which are fathers fought,
Lived and died, go for naught
Down in Yankeedom.

The Constitution is under the rose—
Down in Dixie;
Few its friends, and many its foes—
Down in Dixie;
The good old times have come to a close—
Down in Dixie;
Truths, for which are fathers fought,
Lived and died, go for naught
Down in Dixie.

The Constitution is twisted and torn—
Down in Yankeedom;
Held up, to a nation's scorn—
Down in Yankeedom;

'Till some of us wish we had never been born—
Down in Yankeedom;
What is the difference, who can see,
'Twixt tweedle-dum, and tweedle-dee?

"I HAVE BEEN TO WASHINGTON."

I HAVE been to Washington, to see the famous sights,
The President, the Cabinet, the people, and the fun;
The forts and the batteries, the hills and the heights,
The general, and the colonels, and the soldiers every one;
The roll, and the reveille, the flourish and the trill,
I have been to Washington, to see the famous drill.
"Attention company"—"Turn out your toes."
Roll goes the drum, and loud the bugle blows.
"Shoulder arms"—"Right shoulder shift"—
Flash go the bayonets, merrily and swift.
"Ram down cartridge"—"Prime"—"Charge!"
"Fire!" says the captain, feeling very large.
Up speaks the colonel, tone rather harsh:
"Right flank," "Left flank!" "Forward!"—
"March!"

O! the wisdom and the strategy, the science, and the skill!
I have been to Washington, to see the famous drill.

I have been to Washington, to see the splendid show,
Red coats, green coats, blue coats, and gray;
Cockade and epaulettes—Zouaves all the go;
Dragoons and chasseurs, rollicking and gay;
Volunteers and regulars, the loyal and the true;
I have been to Washington, to see the great review:
"Attention company!"—columns in repose—
Roll goes the drum, and loud the bugle blows.
"Present sabres!"—flashing down the line—
Thousands of sabres, looking very fine.
"Flank files forward!" "Platoons wheel!"
Merrily go the horses, dancing in a reel,
Cavalry handsome, cutting quite a dash,
Flying artillery, riding very rash.
O! the piping and the fifing, for the red, white and blue!
I have been to Washington to see the great review.

I have been to Washington, to see the honored pile
Where freedom sang her anthem, eighty years ago,
Born at her altar, reared in her aisle,
We will strike for her banner, tho' the world be the foe;

Where the strength and the sinew of a brave land pour,
I have been to Washington, to see the pomp of war.
Above the clamor of her friends, and the malice of her foes,
Roll, goes the drum, and loud the bugle blows,
Ambassadors with badges, feeling very grand,
Senators and Warriors, marching hand in hand;
Levees at the White House, women, very fair,
Gentlemen with small swords, very militaire;
Fogy on the sidewalk, looking very glum
At the rattle of the battle, and the beating of the drum.
Hearts very jubilant, hearts very sore,
I have been to Washington, to see the pomp of war.

THE VOLUNTEER.

To the memory of William H. Doak, First Sergeant Company F, 84th Regiment, New York, who, volunteering his services in a midnight expedition, was drowned in the Potomac River, on the night of the 23rd of August, 1864. An attempt at persuasion from joining this expedition, was met with the reply, "That he had but sixty days to serve, and would do his duty."

"I HAVE but sixty days to serve,
Now, by the sacred past,

What wind may blow, come weal or woe,
I'm with you to the last."

Ah! God, it was a night to fear,
On old Potomac's side!
Black as despair, had settled there,
With midnight on the tide.

Ah! God, it was a night to shun,
That old war-stricken rout;
And as their ranks swept o'er its banks
A manly voice spake out.

Courage, brave hearts, the patriot's hope
Shall light the patriot's way,
Thro' flood and field, his star shall yield
A sure and trusty ray.

Alas! alas! the morning sun
Hath lit the southern wave;
And all ablaze, its bannered rays
Stream o'er the patriot's grave.

"I have but sixty days to serve,
I'll do my duty, men."
O Time, be not this soul forgot
By thy recording pen.

BOBADIL'S DREAM.*

THE welkin rang with a joyful shout,
The stars went out with a reel and a rout,
Lupis the Wolf, the Dog and the Crow,
Left in a huff, in the ship Argo—
With Pegasus' flying horses.
Far as the Southern eye could descry,
Nothing was seen in the Southern sky
But royal crowns and crosses.

Like the fairy tale of the wonderful gourds,
Sprang lordly towns, and cities and wards,
With lordly houses, and a House of Lords,
With lordly regulations.
With royal stables and royal studs,
And royal titles, and royal bloods—
With royal expectations.

Adonis' lips could never frame
The beautiful things that went and came—
Coleur de rose, crême de la crême,

* If we fail, with all our conservative elements to save us, then there will be no hope of a republic on this continent, and the public mind will turn to the more fixed forms of the Old World.

Gov. PICKENS' (S. C.) message.

(Heaven save the mark!)
Quite past republican rubicans.
I but dimly see, like one in the dark,
Royal jewels, that cost a sum
That would strike old Fortunatus dumb.
Royal satins, laces and plumes;
Royal shades, and royal blooms;
Royal maidens in royal courts;
Royal lovers, and royal sports;
Royal kisses, with a royal ease
That well might Cupid's marrow freeze.
But I ken no more; for you must agree
That 'twould take a born Palmetto to see—
On the royal lens of an F. F. V.—
Such royal highfalutins.

O, sing ye a song—a royal song—
With a flourish of trumpets loud and long.
Sing ye a song! of all on earth,
The most rollicking, roystering song of mirth;
For Johnny Bull, a man of birth,
Has hung up his hat at Jonathan's hearth.
There's a magic in Hermann's famous trick;
There was music in Russell's "double quick,"
When Manassas' balls fell fast and thick;
But Bobadil's dream is a royal brick,
That scorns the skill of necromance,
Or the seven-leagued boots of gay romance;

Not Crœsus' purse, backed by King Saturn,
Could ever import such a royal pattern.

When the King of Terrors—the king of all
Who reign in the palace, or serve in the hall—
When he comes to them, with his royal pall,
May they be ready to meet his call,
Like royal heirs and dauphins;
May they lay their heads on royal beds;
May they yield their breath in a royal death,
And be buried in royal coffins.

THE END.

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